

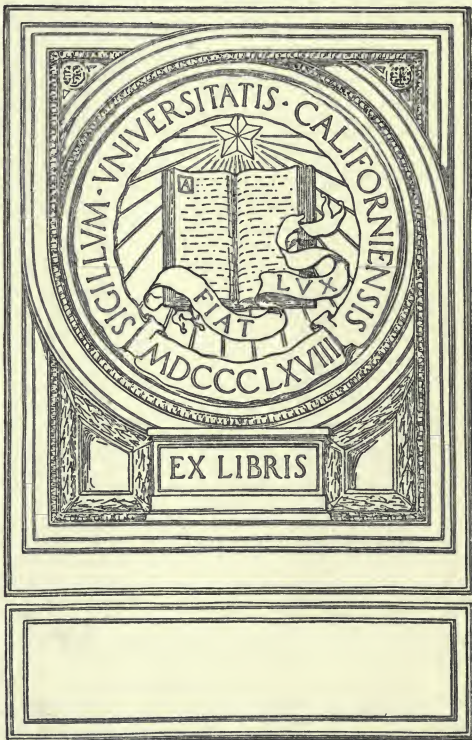
UC-NRLF



\$B 165 781

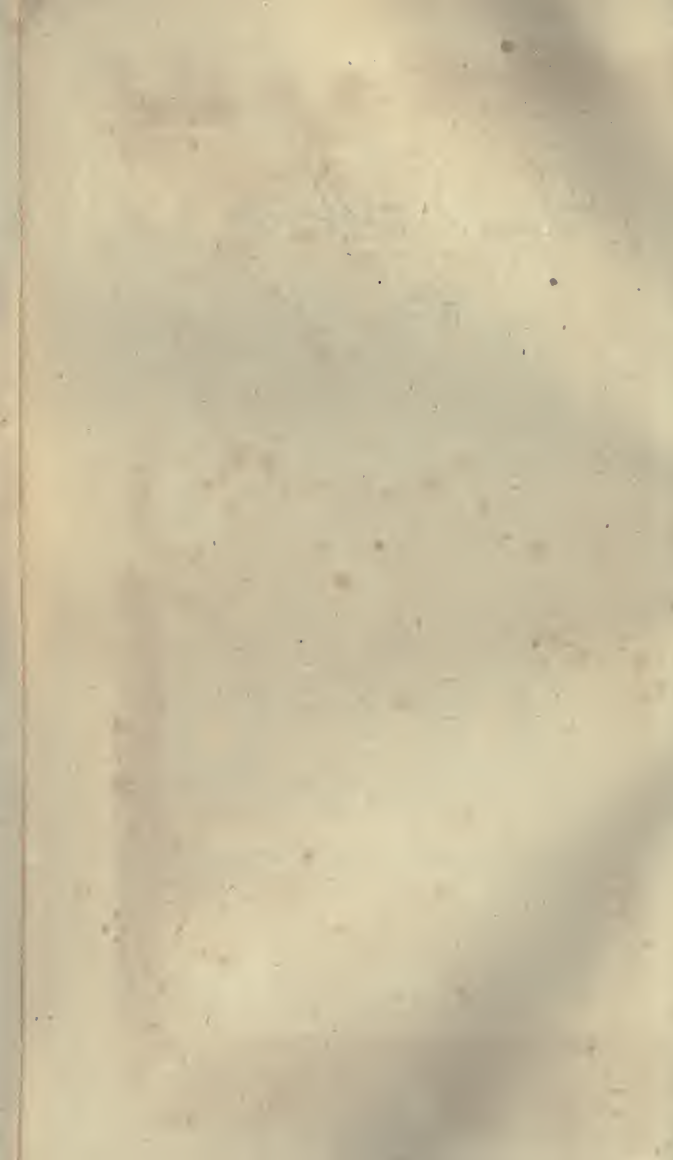
126.

GIFT OF
Prof. Charles A. Kofoid



Allyn E. Fellowes.

Dec. 1877.





HUNTING SONGS.

SIXTH EDITION.





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

HUNTING SONGS

BY

Rowland Eyles
R. E. EGERTON WARBURTON



LONDON

BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING

196 PICCADILLY

1877

953
F294
huv
1877

Gift of
Charles A. Kofoid

THE
MUSEUM
OF
THE
CITY OF
SAN FRANCISCO



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I NTRODUCTION	ix
The Woore Country	1
Quæsitum Meritis	5
Old Oulton Lowe	9
Tarporley Hunt	12
The Little Red Rover	15
The Fox and the Brambles	16
The Earth Stopper	18
The Old Brown Forest	19
The Dead Hunter	24
The Spectre Stag	25
On the New Kennel, erected on Delamere Forest	29
The Ladie Cunigunda of Kynast	31
The Love-Chace	35
A Recollection	39
The Tantivy Trot	39
Hawkstone Bow-Meeting	41
The Ball and the Battue	44
On the Landlord	46
Cheshire Chivalry	48

	PAGE
On the Picture of the Cheshire Hunt	52
The Breeches	57
Inscription on the Handle of a Fox's Brush	60
The Sawyer	61
Song, written for and sung by I. H. Smith Barry, Esq.	64
Tarwood	67
A "Meet" at the Hall, and a "Find" in the Wood	76
Song	81
Sport in the Highlands	82
"Importation of Vermin"	85
Bowmeeting Song	86
Farmer Dobbin	88
The Blooming Evergreen	94
Cheshire Jumpers	95
Tarporley Hunt Song	100
A Remonstrance on Lord Stanley's Suggestion that the Session of Parliament should be held during the Winter Months	102
Highwayside	103
Count Warnoff	105
Le Gros-Veneur	108
The Keeper	110
A Railway Accident with the Cheshire	112
Tarporley Hunt Song	116
A "Burft" in the Ball Week	119
Farmer Newstyle and Farmer Oldstyle	122
Home with the Hounds; or, the Huntsman's Lament	127
On hearing that "The Cheshire" were to hunt Five Days a Week	130
We are all of us Tailors in turn	130

A Word ere we start	133
Hard-riding Dick	135
Thompson's Trip to Epsom	138
A Modern Stable	141
On Reading in the "Times," April 9th, 1860, a Critique on the Life of Asheton Smith	143
Tarporley Swan-Hopping	144
Killing no Murder	147
On Peter Collison's late Fall	149
Riding to Hounds	150
Newby Ferry.	150
Hunting Song	155
Tarporley Song	157
A Growl from the Squire of Grumbleton	159
The Coverside Phantom	162
The Ladie of the Castle of Windeck	168
The Two Wizards	170
On a Tame Fox	175
The Mare and her Master	176
Farewell to Tarporley	180
The Pheasant and the Fox	187
The Stranger's Story	190
The Lovers' Quarrel	194
'Tis Sixty years since	198
The Close of the Season	202
Lines on reading an extract from the hunting diary of V. D. Broughton, Esq.	206
Lines for the stone intended to mark the spot where the gentlemen, whose boat was upset on Loch- quoich, were landed	207
Epitaph on the Duke of Wellington's Charger	209

	PAGE
Epitaph on A. B. C. by X. Y. Z.	209
On a Thorn Tree on the Grave of a Brood Mare .	210
The Roebuck at Toft	210
Charade	211
Welsh Hunting	212
Paraphrase by a Master of Hounds	213
Epigram on a hard-riding Youth named Taylor .	213
Inscription on a Garden Seat formed from the Bones of an Old Racer	214
NOTES	217





INTRODUCTION.



SHORT account of the Club for which so many of them were written will not, I hope, be thought an inappropriate introduction to a new edition

of these Hunting Songs.

The Tarporley Hunt was established in the year 1762, and their first meeting was held on the 14th of November in that year. Hare-hunting was the sport for which they then assembled. Those who kept harriers brought out their packs in turn. If no member of the Society kept hounds, or if it were inconvenient to bring them, it is ordered by the 8th Rule that a "Pack be borrowed and kept at the expense of the Society."

Societies such as the Cycle in Wales had in the earlier years of the last century been favourite meeting places for the Jacobite gentry; but whatever were the politics of the founders of Tarporley Club, it was evidently the love of hunting only that brought

them together ; and from that day to this, difference of political opinion has never been known to interfere with the election of the members, or to disturb the harmony of the Club.

The Founders were the Rev. Obadiah Lane, of Longton, county of Stafford, who had married Sarah, sister of the first Lord Crewe ; John Crewe, son of the Rev. Joseph Crewe, Rector of Barthomley and Astbury ; Booth Grey, second son of Harry, fourth Earl of Stamford ; Sir Henry Mainwaring of Over-Peover ; George Wilbraham, the builder of Delamere Lodge ; his brother, Roger Wilbraham ; Richard Walthall, second son of Peter Walthall, of Wistaston ; Robert Salusbury Cotton, son of Sir Lynch Salusbury Cotton, of Combermere ; and the Rev. Edward Emily, whose connection with the county I cannot trace.

The original rules recorded in the first club book will not, after an interval of a hundred years, be without interest to the modern sportsman, showing, amongst other particulars, the hours which they kept, and describing the dress in which our forefathers took the field :—

“ Tarporley Hunt, Nov. 14th, 1762.

Mr. Lane, President.

Mr. Booth Grey, } Secretaries.

Mr. Crewe,

Miss Townshend, Lady Patroness.

“We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do agree to meet at Tarporley twice annually. The first meeting to be held the second Monday in November, and the second to be fixed by the majority of the members who shall meet at the first; each meeting to last for the space of seven days.¹ We do likewise agree to submit to all the underwritten rules, and to all other such rules as shall be thought necessary by the majority of the Society, for the better keeping up of the same.

<i>Oba. Lane, Pres.</i>	<i>Edward Emily.</i>
<i>J. Crewe, Sec.</i>	<i>Ric. Walthall.</i>
<i>Booth Grey, Dep. Sec.</i>	<i>R. E. Cotton.</i>
<i>Henry Mainwaring.</i>	<i>R. Wilbraham.</i>
<i>George Wilbraham.</i>	

“1st. Any member that absents himself must pay the sum of one guinea unless his excuse shall be allowed of by the sitting members.

“2nd. Every member must have a blue frock, with plain yellow metalled buttons, scarlet velvet cape, and double-breasted scarlet flannel waistcoat, the coat sleeve to be cut and turned up.

“3rd. The harriers never to wait for any member after eight o’clock in the morning.

¹ *The first hunting day is meant by the second Monday. The Gentlemen having agreed to meet overnight.*

“ 4th. *If the majority of the Hunt present are at home on the hour dinner is ordered, they are not expected to wait.*

“ 5th. *Any members that shall cause or make any disturbance during the meeting (upon refusing to submit to the sentence pass’d on them by the majority of the Society) shall be immediately expell’d.*

“ 6th. *If the Society consists of an equal number, the President has a casting vote.*

“ 7th. *A new President for the following meeting to be balloted for the last day of the preceding meeting. The President must manage all the business of the Society during the time of his office.*

“ 8th. *If no member of the Society keeps hounds, or if they do and it should be inconvenient for them to bring them, a pack must be borrowed and kept at the expense of the Society.*

“ 9th. *Three collar bumpers to be drank after dinner, and the same after supper; after they are drank every member may do as he pleases in regard to drinking.*

“ 10th. *The President, as soon as elected, to nominate the Lady Patroness for his meeting, she being a spinster.*

“ 11th. *No member to be chose but by Ballot, and none but the members present at the Balloting to have a vote: which Ballot must be the first night of the meeting.*

“12th. *The House bill must be pay’d the seventh day of each meeting, and after that is done every member has the liberty of going after his own inventions.*

“13th. *Every member has the liberty of introducing his Friend, but must pay for him as far as his ordinarys.*

“14th. *All single or private engagements must yield to the time fixed for the meeting of this Society.*

“15th. *Should the members of this Society in a party attend any of the neighbouring assemblies, the President must ask the Lady Patroness for the time being, to dance, should she be there.*

“16th. *If any member of this Society should marry, he is to present the Hunt with a pair of stiff-topp’d well stitch’d buckskin gloves each.*¹

“17th. *This Book must be kept in the Balloting box, and the President for the time being must keep the key.*

“18th. *The President must acquaint Mr. Southon of the time appointed for each meeting.*

“19th. *Every member that does not attend must send his reasons in writing to the President.*

“20th. *Any member who advances the money for an absentee, to be reimburs’d by the Society in case of*

¹ Pro buckskin-gloves lege buckskin-breeches.—BOOTH GREY, Dep. Sec.

such absentee's refusing to pay him, and the absentee to be expell'd.

" 21st. The Secretary must acquaint every member of their elections as soon as chose.

" 22nd. All forfeitures to be apply'd for the benefit of the Society attending the meeting when they are forfeited.

" 23rd. The President to forfeit five guineas for non-attendance unless his excuse shall be allow'd of.

" 24th. If any member absents himself for a night during the meeting he shall forfeit one guinea for every such night of absence, unless he have leave of the majority of the Hunt present.

" The orders of the Tarporley Hunt, November ye 14th, 1762.

" Ordered, that Mr. Booth Grey procures for the use of this Society a Balloting-box, with eighteen black and eighteen white balls.—O. Lane, Pres.

" Ordered, That Mr. Booth Grey procures for this Society two Collar Glasses, and two Admittance Glasses of a larger size.—O. Lane, Pres.

" Mem^m.—An Express was sent this meeting to Chester for a Chine of Mutton by Obadiah Lane, Clerck.

" Ordered, that Mr. Coton have the thanks of the Society for a set of Silver Bottle Tickets."

The remainder of this book contains the proceedings of the first forty-six meetings, the account of subscriptions, and the list of forfeits down to Feb., 1785. The extracts I select will suffice to give the reader an insight into the manners and customs of that date, and will show likewise how completely Foxhunting, when once introduced, superseded the sport for which the Club had been originally founded.

“ 1763.—Nov. ye 6th. Voted, that the metal Buttons be changed for basket mohair ones. Voted that after supper but one collar glass is obliged to be drunk. Voted, that every member provides himself a scarlet saddle cloth, bound with blue.

“ 1764.—Feb. ye 6th. Voted, that each President provides two dozen Franks during his meeting for the use of the Society. Voted, that each member, when he marries, instead of providing Breeches for every member of the Hunt, does pay into the hands of the Secretary for the use of each member, the sum of one guinea to be spent in leather breeches.

“ Nov. 5. Voted, that the number of members of this Hunt be limited to twenty. Voted, that if any member does not appear in the strict uniform of this Hunt, he shall forfeit one guinea for every such offence, viz., a plain blue frock, with cuff turn'd up one button, with mohair buttons, and unbound; and scarlet velvet cape, with a double-breasted

scarlet waistcoat, a scarlet saddlecloth bound singly with blue, and the front of the bridle lapt with scarlet.

“1765.—Nov. 4th. *Mr. John Barry having sent the Fox Hounds to a different place to what was ordered, and not meeting them himself at that place, was sent to Coventry, but return'd upon giving six bottles of Claret to the Hunt.*

“1766.—Feb. 3. *Voted, that any member of this Hunt that marries a second time shall give two pairs of leather breeches to each member of the Hunt. Five guineas out of the forfeits given to the poor.*

“1766.—Nov. 2. *Mr. Crewe fined for having his bridle lapt with red and blue. Mr. John Barry fined for not having taken the binding off the button holes of his waistcoat. Mr. Whitworth fined for having his saddlecloth bound with purple. Lord Grosvenor fined for riding to cover with a white saddlecloth, and likewise for having his bridle lapt with white. Lord Grosvenor having quitted the Hunt on the Tuesday without leave, was fined five guineas.*

“1767.—Nov. ye 1st. *Mr. Arthur Barry received the thanks of this Society for Heber's Horse Racing from the year 1751 to 1766. Voted that for the future they shall be taken in annually.*

“1768.—Oct. ye 30th. *Parliament meeting sooner*

than common this meeting by the consent of majority was held a week sooner than appointed by Rule.

“A. Barry pays one guinea for a waistcoat with improper pockets.

“Lord Grosvenor appearing two days out of uniform, both coat and waistcoat, pays for each day 2 guineas, and one guinea for absenting himself one night without leave.

“Books belonging to the Hunt, Nov. 13th, 1768:—

17 Volumes of Heber complete.

Annual Register complete.

Pocket Library.

Oxford Magazine.

Howard's Thoughts.

Oxford Sausage.

Hunting book.

“1769.—Nov. ye 5th. Agreed, that the number of this Hunt shall be enlarged to twenty-five members, but shall never exceed the same. Agreed, that the Rule¹ shall be altered, and that instead of three collar glasses only one shall be drunk after dinner, except a fox is kill'd above ground, and then, after the Lady Patroness, another collar glass shall be drunk to Foxhunting.

“1770.—Voted, that the Club in general do not

¹ Rule 9.

dine out by invitation. Voted that the Hunt change their uniform to a red coat unbound with a small frock sleeve, a green velvet cape, and green waistcoat, and that the sleeve has no buttons: in every other form to be like the old uniform, and that the red saddle cloth be bound with green instead of blue, and the fronts of the bridles remain the same as at present. The buttons basket, same colour as the coat, waistcoat buttons colour of waistcoat. Every one not appearing as above liable to the old forfeitures.

“ Nov. 4th.—Riding a hack to cover or a shooting or upon an accident happening, or horse on tryal, not to be fined according to the strictness of rule made in regard to uniforms.

“ 1772.—Nov. 1st. During this meeting (on the 5th of November) the Lord President was pleased to signify his intention of investing Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq., of Vale Royal, in this county, with the most noble order of the Belt. Accordingly he was introduced to the Lord President by two senior aldermen. The Whip of State was borne by the Secretary: the Belt, carried on a cushion of state, by the Master of the Foxhounds; Sir Thomas's train was borne by the junior members and the President's by the Coverer. Great attention was paid during the ceremony, every member standing, and Sir Thomas, returning to the chair, his health was drunk with three cheers. Ordered, that he always

appear in the ensigns of his order during the meeting. Voted, that any person who shall be hereafter elected a member of this Hunt, and is a married man, shall pay £10. 0s. 6d. on his admission by way of Stock-purse, and if a Bachelor six guineas. Instead of Breeches, twenty guineas voted to be paid.

“As¹ Mr. President has done this Hunt the honor of his Picture, their thanks are return’d for the same.

“Lord Kilmorey’s mild and pleasant administration was approv’d, not only by his second election, but by his health being drunk in three Gobblers.

“1773.—Nov. 7. Voted, that every member introducing a stranger pays for the 2d night of his staying one gallon of Claret; for the 4th night of his staying 2 gallons; and if he stays three Hunting days, one dozen. Voted unanimously, that Mr. John Barry is desired to sitt for his picture for this Hunt. Mr. John Barry very politely consents.

“1774.—Feb. 6th. Lord Kilmorey by his own desire is no longer a member, but voted a letter to be wrote to him that it is the wish of the London Hunt that if he is in Town he will try the Bond-st. covers as a member.

“Nov. —Wilkinson ordered to take back the great chair, and either to alter it to the approbation

¹ Lord Kilmorey was President. There is no record of this portrait having been in possession of the Club.

of the Hunt, or to make a new one, charging nothing for the same; on this condition the gentlemen agreed to pay him for the great chair.

“This meeting Sir Thomas Broughton paid forfeit to Booth Grey for a match to have been run.

“1775.—Nov. This meeting a sweepstakes was won by Sir Thomas Broughton starting against Mr. Crewe, of Crewe. Lord Stamford, Geo. Wilbraham, and Lord Kilmorey paid forfeit.

“1777.—Feb. Ordered, that a cover, or covers on the Forest be made from the Stockpurse, under the direction of Sir Peter Warburton, George Wilbraham, and Mr. Peter Heron, if leave can be obtained.

“November. Ordered, that the ropes for Crabtree Green are paid for by the President, £5 17s. 0d. Ordered, that Mr. Grey is paid for the repairs of the course, £5 19s. 0d. Ordered, that Mr. Wilbraham is paid for sowing and inclosing a cover, £16 0s. 0d.

“1778.—February. Voted, that Mr. Wilbraham gives Mr. Stevens as a compliment for drawing the lease of a cover on the Forest the sum of five guineas.

“November. Voted, that an order made the eighth meeting, Feb., 1776, that the part of that order containing these words, ‘that the Claret never be admitted into the house bill’ shall be rescinded, and that the

inefficiency of the Claret, after what is pay'd for strangers, &c., be inserted in the bill.

“The Secretary’s accounts were settled and allow’d, being on the Claret account £15 5s. 6d., and on the house account £2 2s. 0d. No more is now left in his hands. Voted, that each member of this Hunt do deposit 29s. in the Secretary’s hands for a fund to purchase Claret, and that Mr. Roger Wilbraham be requested to order it down, and that the Secretary do answer Mr. Roger Wilbraham’s draft for that purpose.

“1779.—Oct. Rev. Mr. Lane and Mr. Whitworth are voted honorary members; it being the unanimous wish of the Society that the Rev. Mr. Lane as an original member, whenever he finds his health sufficiently re-established, may be considered a member of this Society. Agreed to allow Mr. Southon fifteenpence a bottle, and the bottles, for drinking our own claret.

“1780.—November. At this meeting a fox was found for the first time in the new gorse cover, near the Old Pale.

“1782.—November. This Hunt, Mr. Beckford’s Book on hunting being presented by Mr. S. Arden in due form, the Secretary and two Aldermen attending, Mr. Egerton’s Health was drunk in a bumper in a goblet.

“Offley Crewe and Sir P. Warburton were found

guilty of a most heinous offence in having crossed a hare's scut with a foxe's brush, and fined one gallon of Claret each, a very light fine for such an offence. Mr. R. Wilbraham prosecuted. Mr. Baugh was evidence, together with Mr. Peter Heron.

"1783.—November. This meeting a rule was made that the owner of the winning horse is not to give a dozen of Claret, as was customary.

"Mr. B. Grey, having moved that no cards or dice be allowed after the first toast after Supper, each member so offending against this rule must pay two dozen of Claret. The above rule was carried by a majority of four, the President being counted as two.

"1784.—February. Ordered that the President's Chair be presented by the Tarporley Hunt to the Rev. Crewe Arden, the very worthy Rector of this Parish, as a testimony of their high respect and regard.

"November. Mr. T. Brooke, having been detected in making a wager in the dining Room, contrary to the rules of the Club, of £1 1s. 0d. to half-a-crown with Sir Peter Warburton, forfeited the wager.

"Mr. Grey having, at the request of the members present, undertaken to compile the different orders made by this Society, the books are to be delivered to him, with the thanks of the meeting, for the great trouble he is so good to take."

In 1773, in the account of payments, is one of £2 2s. 0d. to Mr. Yoxall, for survey of intended alterations and plans. This, I presume, refers to the building of the new dining-room. In 1775 the sum of £2 2s. is given to two poor cottagers for losses by fire, and there is an entry of 11s. 6d. for advertising Hunt.

In 1779 the payment by the Club to Crank for Mr. John Smith Barry's picture is entered as follows :

	£	s.	d.
" Picture	21	0	0
Frame	9	16	0
Cafe	1	19	0
Carriage of Picture . .	2	1	0"

This picture is full length. At his master's feet sits Blue Cap, the winner of the match at Newmarket in 1762. The portrait of the master is excellent, but the artist has been less successful in the hound.

Crank, who resided at Warrington, was at that time a well-known painter, and much patronised by the neighbouring gentry. I have been told that many years after his death, one of his pictures was sold as a portrait by Gainsborough for a large sum. As shown in the proceedings, Mr. Smith Barry had "politely consented to sit in 1773." Unless the order were delayed, the picture must have progressed but

slowly, if only finished in 1779; possibly the bill was not sent in till some time after its completion.

This compliment was paid to Mr. Smith Barry as Master of Foxhounds, the first pack known in Cheshire, and supported entirely at his own expense.

The following is the account of the above-named match, as given in Daniel's "Rural Sports," vol. i. p. 155: "The speed of the Foxhound was well ascertained by the trial at Newmarket, between Mr. Meynell and Mr. Barry, and this account of the training and feeding the two Victorious Hounds is from the person who had the management of them. Will Crane was applied to, after the match was made (which was for 500 guineas), to train Mr. Barry's Hounds, of which Blue Cap was four, and Wanton three years old. Crane objected to their being hounds that had been entered some seasons, and wished for young hounds, who would with more certainty be taught to run a Drag; however, the hounds were sent to Rivenhall in Essex, and, as Crane suggested, at the first trial, to induce them to run the drag, they took no notice; at length, by dragging a Fox along the ground, and then crossing the hounds upon the scent, and taking care to let them kill him, they became very handy to a Drag, and had their exercise regularly three times a week upon Tiptree Heath; the ground chosen was Turf,

and the distance over which the drag was taken was from eight to ten miles. The training commenced the first of August, and continued until the 28th of September (the thirtieth the match was run); their food was oatmeal and milk and sheep's trotters. Upon the thirtieth of September the drag was drawn (on account of running up the wind, which happened to be brisk) from the Rubbing House at Newmarket Town End, to the Rubbing House at the starting-post of the Beacon Course; the four hounds were then laid on the scent; Mr. Barry's Blue Cap came in first, Wanton (very close to Blue Cap) second; Mr. Meynell's Richmond was beat by upwards of an hundred yards, and the Bitch never run in at all; the ground was cross'd in a few seconds more than eight minutes.¹ Three score horses started with the hounds. Cooper, Mr. Barry's Huntsman, was the first up, but the mare that carried him was rode quite blind at the conclusion. There were only twelve horses up out of the Sixty; and Will Crane, who was mounted upon a King's plate Horse, called Rib, was in the twelfth. The odds before running were seven to four in favour of Mr. Meynell, whose hounds, it was said, were fed

¹ Daniel does not give the year in which this match took place. The letterpress under a print in my possession, engraved from a picture of the race, by Sartorius, states that it was run in October, 1762, over the Beacon Course.

during the time of training entirely with legs of mutton."

After the death of John Smith Barry, in 1784, foxhounds were kept at Arley by Sir Peter Warburton, and, probably as owner of the pack, a similar request was made to him to sit for his picture, a full length by Sir William Beechey, for which the Hunt paid £250 in 1811. Sir William is said to have protested against the uniform, and to have declared he might as well be asked to paint a parrot.

Since the date of the proceedings which close the two first books there have been but few changes in the rules of the Club. The earliest notice in the *Racing Calendar of the Tarporley Races*, held at Crabtree Green, is in 1776. On the inclosure of Delamere Forest, in 1812, the present racecourse was rented from Lord Shrewsbury.

In 1806 it was agreed unanimously that the members should subscribe the sum of £3 3s. each the next year for silver forks. It may appear strange to our ideas that a luxury, now so universal, should not have been introduced at Tarporley until the year 1806; but I am assured by a lady now living, that so late as 1809, in one of the most hospitable houses in the county, a silver fork was never seen on the dinner-table.

The number of the members was eventually increased to forty, and there is scarcely an old family

name in the county which has not at some period been enrolled on the list.

In the year 1862 the centenary anniversary of the Club was celebrated; an additional sum was given to the Farmers' Stakes, and the whole county were invited by the members to a ball, held at the Grosvenor Hotel, Chester.

The "Cheshire Hounds," an establishment quite distinct from the Tarporley Club, originated with the pack kept by Sir Peter Warburton. It seems that James Smith Barry, who succeeded to his uncle's property in 1784, and continued to keep hounds, having in some way offended the county gentlemen, in the year 1798 Mr. Egerton of Tatton, Sir Peter Warburton, Sir Richard Brooke, and, I believe, Mr. Brooke of Mere, built the kennels at Sandiway, to which the hounds were removed from Arley.

Mr. Smith Barry still kept his pack, and lived during the hunting season at Ruloe. I have heard from an old resident in that neighbourhood a story which, if true, shows that he must have hunted under the difficulty of having no country beyond the limits of his own property, and the shifts to which he was consequently compelled to resort. Old Richard Bratt, his huntsman, was constantly in the practice of hiring a man to run a drag early in the morning from the kennel at Ruloe straight away to some cover belonging to the Cheshire Hunt. The scent

carried the hounds into the gorse, and so gave the chance of finding a fox in a cover which their master had no right to draw.

I cannot ascertain in what year Sir Peter Warburton resigned the management of the *Cheshire Hounds* to George Heron; but the following anecdote in Daniel's "*Rural Sports*," vol. iii. p. 456, shows that they were hunted by Sir Peter as late as 1807.

"To prove that the notes of hounds have an overpowering influence upon the horse, this incident, which occurred Anno 1807, is related: As the *Liverpool Mail Coach* was changing horses at the inn at *Monk's Heath*, the horses which had performed the stage from *Congleton* having been just taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's Foxhounds in full cry, immediately started after, their harness on, and followed the chase until the last. One of them, a blood-mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, until Reynard run to earth in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at *Monk's Heath*, and performed their stage back to *Congleton* the same evening."

George Heron held the management until 1818, but in consequence of a bad fall, by which he was disabled, Sir Harry Mainwaring, who eventually succeeded him, had undertaken the field management in 1813.

Sir Harry, after a reign of nineteen years, gave them up in 1837. His first huntsman was Will Garft, who left in August, 1820, when John Jones took his place, coming from Lord Scarborough, and continued until May, 1823. Will Head, who had been educated under Sir Bellingham Graham, and had been first whip to the Cheshire for three seasons, then obtained his promotion, and continued to hunt them until May, 1832. A letter from the late Sir Harry Mainwaring, containing these particulars, ends thus:—"In 1832 Joseph Maiden came from Mr. Shaw, and remained with me until I gave up the hounds, August, 1837, continuing with other managers—a first-rate huntsman and a most excellent servant in every respect." It is with great pleasure that I record this testimony to the character of one who so well deserv'd it. I cannot give the young foxhunter a better summary of the sport (which had then, I think, reached its climax) than is contained in the following letter, addressed to the present Sir H. Mainwaring, which I have permission to publish:—

"Withington Hall,

"January 10th, 1865.

"Dear Sir Harry,

"In the early days of the Nantwich Country, from 1805 onwards, there was great sport from Ravensmoor to the Hills. Leech was constantly on

them, and we hardly ever failed in finding in the Admiral's cover, and going direct as a line over that fine country. I don't ever recollect to have seen finer sport constantly than at that time and over that country. The hounds then hunted the Woore Country, and had a wonderful run from Buerton Gorse, went thro' Oakley Park (Sir J. Chetwood's), crossed the Drayton Road below the Loggerheads, just skirted the Burnt Woods, left the Bishop's Woods on the left, Hales on the left, right on thro' the small woods at Knighton, and kill'd at Batchacre Park (Mr. Whitworth's in Shropshire), 18 miles as the crow flies, in an hour and forty-five minutes. It was an extraordinary fine run, and to within these few years that fox's pad was on the stable door here. About the same time the hounds had a run of about the same distance from Old Baddiley thro' Cholmondeley, Dods-Edge, to the Shocklach meadows and over the Dee, but Reynard got safe into Wales, and it was too late at night to follow him any further.

“ So much for the Nantwich Country! But in Will Head's time we had as good a run as I ever wish'd to see. We found at the Long Lane, in Holford, hunted slowly thro' Winnington Wood, the Leonards, Holbrook's nursery ground, up to the ice house at Tabley; here he waited, having been bred in the roof of it. From this point we had one of the

most continuous fine runs possible, crossed the turnpike road close to the lodge, to Tabley Walk, over Tabley High Fields, left Mere Moss just to his right, thro' Gleave's Hole, over Winterbottom to Waterless Brook, where Brooke's Gorse now stands, over the brook, which was rather a puzzler for the Field, but I saw where there was good getting out, and jumped in. When I got to the top of the bank every hound crossed me at an open rail place. With this bother at the brook of course the hounds beat the Field, which did not come up till they were crossing Budworth Heath. We then went behind Belmont, crossed the Warrington Road, run down to the Horns at Whitley, where we kill'd, after a first-rate run.

"The splitting run over the Chester Vale, from Waverton Gorse, was seen by few, when John Armitstead's old black horse, and "J. B. Glegg" had the credit of beating the Field. In Leicestershire for pace and country I never saw a more brilliant affair. Rowland Warburton himself will recollect a capital spin we had from his own wood, crossed the paved road a little above the Gore Bridge (all the Field went with the hounds save himself, Maiden, Self, and one or two others). Knowing where the cover was we put steam on, went down the road to the ford, and when we got to the top of the Gore Wood the hounds came out under our feet. From this point

to Tatton Park we were never caught. The fox then went across to the Birkin Lodge, and up the middle of the Park to the garden at the house, where he was killed, after a most brilliant affair. R. Warburton will also recollect a good run from the Breeches, when one of the twin brothers, Peel, lost his horse directly after leaving the cover; Rowland's advice was :—

“ May you the next time that white horse you bestraddle,
See less of the Breeches and more of the Saddle.”

In the same neighbourhood, in Maiden's time, we had a splendid run from Radnor Gorse, when Mr. Knight was knock'd off his horse at the end of the first field, and was ridden over by the crowd. The fox set his head straight for Woodhay, left the farmhouse on his left, then up to Chertsey's Wood, crossed the wide green lane at the top, at which point the pace had thinned the Field very much. Sir Richard Brooke, on a big grey, fell, leaping into the road, and never got beyond. Maiden here stopp'd the Corporal, and the running was left to Clive of Stych, Coke Gooch, and myself; but on going up the field, leaving Aldersey's rough on the left, the Colonel's grey put his foot in a grip, and went heels over head. The field then was quite beat off. We went on to Bunbury, then to the right, by Wardle Hall, and kill'd after an unusually fine run at Rees Heath. Wilbraham Tollemache stopp'd the Rebel in the first ten minutes.

Don't think this a very boasting detail of sport. The only thing I can do now is to go a little over the mahogany; but a long life of uninterrupted good health enabled me to be constantly out, and to carry my recollections of good runs as far back as most. But I must stop, for every good run were I to record, Sir, I ne'er should have done.

"Yours truly,

"J. B. GLEGG."

The race over Tatton Park from Mobberly Cover, 4 miles in 8 minutes, was an extraordinary performance.

Sir Harry Mainwaring supplies me with some further particulars of about the same period :—

Jan. 12, 65.

"In the palmy days of hunting in Cheshire it must be recollected that Glegg first refers to the time when George Heron kept the Hounds, when Will Garfit hunted them, and Will Griffiths whipp'd in, when Doddington, Dorfold, Bolesworth Castle and Bryn-y-Pys, were the chief hunting houses, when Crewe, Broughton, Tarleton, and (rather later on) Tomkinson, Brooke and Glegg were the heroes, when the Cheshire hunted the Woore Country and the Wyches, when they used to run as described by Glegg from Woore to the Bishop's Woods, and from

Hampton Heath to the Duke's Woods, near Ellesmere. Later on, when my Father took the Country, and the Wyches were given up, gorses were made in the Nantwich Country, and in the Chester Vale. The Middlewich Country, then as it is now, the best in Cheshire, was hunted the second week in every month, and the Withington Country the last week. The Withington Kennels were given up, and kennels built at Peover.

“Glegg has omitted the two best runs I ever saw. We met at Hurleston, and had drawn all the covers in the country blank, when (it was late in March, and Will Head, Huntsman) we found at 3 p.m., in a small patch of gorse under Calveley Park wall, a very small Fox. The hounds got away close to him, and all went together into the barn at the farmhouse; ‘the fox is kill’d,’ we all said, but he got away under the door. Head cast the hounds round the barn, away we went! very best pace! over Wettenhall Green, up to the wood, left it and Darnhall on the left, and made a sudden turn to the right, over the very best of the Minshull Country, to the river at Eardswick Hall, a mile above Minshull Village. We crossed at the wooden bridge, and run very fast almost to Bradfield Green, bore to the left, and we ran into our Fox, a small vixen without cubs, at Warmincham Rectory, one hour almost without a check. James Tomkinson rode ‘The Pea,’ and he mounted me on ‘Whizgig.’

“ *Maiden Huntsman, met at Ashley Hall, a cold day in March, high N. E. wind; snow fell in the morning. Put the hounds into Cooper’s Plantation, a small place, and immediately chop’d a fine dog-fox. Another was halloo’d away at same time, and away we went at a capital pace almost up to Castle Mill, turn’d to right, and then over a fine wild country, the best of Mobberley, towards Wilmslow, over Lindon Common, Warford, Little Warford, and up to where Chelford Station now is, left Aisle on right, and away straight to Alderley Park, where I saw the hounds run into him under the Library Window dead beat; about an hour, a very good run, and many horses beat.*

“ *You will recollect a run in Ford’s time, March 1, 1842, from the ‘Cobbler’ up to the road at Whitley Reed, turn’d over Crowley Moss, straight to Arley, over the bridge at Arley Green to the Gore, on to Tabley through the old Foxcover at Lower Peover where Maiden came up and they killed him at Goostrey; only about eight men with the Hounds, the Field having been all thrown out at Whitley Reed.*”

These indeed are runs to be remembered; without wishing to set myself up as a praiser of past times I ask, do we ever hear of such now-a-day? I ask in sorrow, not reproachfully; hounds, horses, and huntsmen are probably as good, if not better than they

formerly were, but every succeeding year seems to add some new impediment to Fox-hunting. High farming is rapidly converting our fields into gardens. "Look before you leap," is a precaution more requisite than ever since the introduction of wire fencing.

The increase of population and of dwellings prevents a fox, headed at every corner, from making straight to his point, and last but not least in the list of grievances is the scarcity of wild foxes.

A burst, such as that mentioned by Mr. Glegg, from Waverton Gorse may still excite us for ten or twenty minutes, but where do we read of such runs as that from Buerton, "eighteen miles as the crow flies in an hour and forty-five minutes?"

It was in Sir Harry Mainwaring's time, on the 7th of April, 1829, that the meet of the three packs took place at Shavington. The Cheshire, the Shropshire and Mr. Wicksted's Kennel sent each six couple of hounds. The Cheshire being the oldest pack and the place of meeting being in the Cheshire country Will Head was appointed huntsman for the day, Will Staples the Shropshire huntsman, and "old Wells," who had command of Mr. Wicksted's kennel, were both in attendance. In the first run the fox was lost near Cloverly after a fast thirty minutes. Mytton took the lead and charged a post and rail, exclaiming "Now for the honour of Shropshire!" He got a terrible fall, and was much hurt

by another man jumping on him, there being about a dozen down together. Mytton remounted, bleeding and bare-headed, but was too much hurt to take another lead.

A second fox was found at Combermere, which was run for about twenty minutes, but, proving a vixen, the hounds were stopped.

Though Will Head and Staples claimed each the palm for their respective kennels, it would be difficult to say which Pack proved its superiority in that day's hunting.

On Sir Harry Mainwaring's resignation in 1837, the establishment was handed over to Mr. Shakerley of Whatcroft. Amongst the many good runs shown during the short time he conducted the Pack was that from Calveley, alluded to under the title of "*Cheshire Chivalry*." Mounted on his bay horse "*Tatton*," Mr. Shakerley figures as manager in the foreground of Calvert's *Picture of the Cheshire Hunt*. In 1839, Mr. Smith Barry of Marbury and Mr. Dixon of Aftle undertook the control of the Kennel. Mr. Ford, of Abbey Field, who succeeded them, held the management for the season only of 1841, and resigned it into the hands of Mr. White.

"*Leicestershire White*," as he is called in Mr. Wicksted's *Song*, was known far and wide for many years as one of the best horsemen in England, whether in the racing or in the hunting saddle. After re-

tiring from the management, he still occupied the Hunting Box, adjoining the Kennel, at Daleford. Continuing to hunt with the Cheshire, and riding to the last as well as ever, he resided there till his death in 1866.

In May, 1862, a portrait and memoir of him was published in "*Baily's Magazine*." Further particulars of his career were afterwards recorded in several sporting periodicals, and an interesting article appeared in the "*Saturday Review*," February, 1866, where, in a quotation, he is spoken of as having "*left an undying reputation as a Gentleman Jockey and Fox-hunter.*"

His mastership ceased in 1855, when the Pack was handed over to Captain Mainwaring. Owing to circumstances to which it is needless here to allude, at the beginning of the Season of 1856 many of the landowners warned the Hounds off their estates, and, in compliance with their wishes, the hunting men were compelled to submit to the loss of their sport rather than cause a dissension in the county.

In 1858, the county was relieved from this difficulty by the accession of Lord Grosvenor. The Establishment in every department was kept up by him most efficiently, and our only regret was that his many other duties compelled him so often to be absent from the field.

On the resignation of Lord Grosvenor, in 1866,

Mr. Corbet, of Adderley, undertook the management of the hounds, stipulating that he should be allowed to hunt five instead of four days a-week.

Peter Collison, a very quick and active huntsman, retained his place with Mr. Corbet until 1869, when he was succeeded by John Jones, who had whipped in to him for several seasons.

I trust that, in describing the difficulties which now attend it, I have not drawn too gloomy a picture of the future of Fox-hunting. My best wishes are for its lasting prosperity, and whatever be the obstacles against which it may have to struggle, my earnest hope is that the youth of many generations to come may continue to find as much enjoyment as their forefathers have done in the noble sport.







HUNTING SONGS.

The Woore Country.

I.



OW summer's dull season is over,
Once more we behold the glad
pack ;
And Wicksted appears at the cover,
Once more on old Mercury's back ;
And Wells in the saddle is seated,
Though with scarce a whole bone in his skin ;
His cheer by the echo repeated,
'Loo in ! little dearies ! 'loo in !

II.

How eagerly forward they rush,
In a moment how widely they spread ;
Have at him there, Hotspur ! hush ! hush !
'Tis a find or I'll forfeit my head ;

Fast flies the Fox away—faster
The hounds from the cover are freed ;
The horn to the mouth of the master,
The spur to the flank of his steed.

III.

Through ages recorded in metre
May the fame of each rider survive ;
From Tunstall comes Broughton, call'd Peter,
From Styche comes the brotherhood Clive.
There's Hammond from Wistaston bringing
All the news of the neighbouring shire ;
Fitzherbert renown'd for his singing,
And Dorfold's invincible Squire ;

IV.

Few Sportsmen so gallant, if any,
Did Woore ever send to the chase ;
Each dingle for him has a cranny,
Each river a fordable place ;
He knows the best line from each cover,
He knows where to stand for a start,
And long may he live to ride over
The country he loves in his heart.

V.

There's Henry, the purple-clad Vicar,
So earnestly plying the steel ;
Conductor conducting him quicker,
Each prick from the spur at his heel.

Were my life to depend on the wager,
I know not which brother I'd back;
The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major,
The Purple, the Pink, or the Black.

VI.

On a thorough-bred horse there's a bruifer,
Intent upon taking a lead;
The name of the man is John Crewe, fir,
And Ajax the name of the steed;
There's Aqualate's Baronet, Boughey,
Whose eye still on Wicksted is cast;
Should the Fox run till midnight, I know he
Will stick by his friend to the last.

VII.

The Ford they call Charlie,—how cheery
To ride by his side in a run;
Whether midnight or morn, never weary
Of revel, and frolic, and fun.
When they lay this good fellow the tomb in,
He shall not be mock'd with a bust,
But the favourite evergreen blooming
Shall spring and o'ershadow his dust.

VIII.

With Chorister, Concord, and Chorus,
Now Chantress commences her song,
Now Bellman goes jingling before us,
And Sinbad is sailing along;

Old Wells closely after them cramming,
His soul quite absorb'd in the fun,
Continues unconsciously damning
Their dear little hearts as they run.

IX.

Scent on the fallow now failing,
While onward impatiently press
The horsemen—hear Charlie bewailing
In accents of bitter distress—
“Why, why will you spoil me the day now ;
Have they run but to lose him at last ?
Pray now, friends ! gentlemen ! pray now,
Hold hard, let them make their own cast.”

X.

One moment for breathing we tarry,
One cast and they hit it anew ;
See ! see ! what a head they now carry,
And see now they run him in view.
More eager for blood at each stroke,
See Vengeance and Vulpicide rush ;
Poor Renard, he thinks it no joke,
Hearing Joker so close at his brush.

XI.

See ! Soldier prepar'd for the brunt,
Hark ! Champion's challenge I hear ;
While Victory leads them in front,
And Havock pursues in the rear ;

Whoop-hoop ! they have ended the skurry,
 And Charlie half mad with the run,
 First dances and shouts, “ Worry ! worry ! ”
 Then tells what each darling has done.

XII.

A fig for your Leicestershire swells !
 While Wicksted such sport can ensure ;
 Long life to that varmint old Wells !
 Success to the country of Woore !
 Let Statesmen on politics parley,
 Let Heroes go fight for renown,
 While I've health to go hunting with Charley,
 I envy no Monarch his crown.

1830.

Quæsitum Meritis.

I.

A CLUB of good fellows we meet once a year,
 When the leaves of the forest are yellow
 and fear ;
 By the motto that shines on each glass, it is
 shown,
 We pledge in our cups the deserving alone ;
 Our glass a quæsitum, ourselves Cheshire men,
 May we fill it and drink it again and again.

II.

We hold in abhorrence all vulpicide knaves,
With their gins, and their traps, and their velveteen
flaves ;
They may feed their fat pheasants, their foxes de-
stroy,
And mar the prime sport they themselves can't
enjoy ;
But such sportsmen as these we good fellows con-
demn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

III.

That man of his wine is unworthy indeed,
Who grudges to mount a poor fellow in need ;
Who keeps for nought else, save to purge 'em
with balls,
Like a dog in a manger, his nags in their stalls ;
Such niggards as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

IV.

Some riders there are, who, too jealous of place,
Will fling back a gate in their next neighbour's
face ;
Some never pull up when a friend gets a fall,
Some ride over friends, hounds, and horses, and
all ;

Such riders as these we good fellows condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

V.

For coffee-house gossip some hunters come out,
Of all matters prating, save that they're about ;
From scandal and cards they to politics roam,
They ride forty miles, head the Fox, and go
home !

Such sportsmen as these we good fellows
condemn,
And I vow we'll ne'er drink a quæsitum to them.

VI.

Since one Fox on foot more diversion will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on
wing,
The man we all honour, whate'er be his rank,
Whose heart heaves a sigh when his gorse is
drawn blank.

Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

VII.

O ! give me that man to whom nought comes
amiss,
One horse or another, that country or this ;

Through falls and bad starts who undauntedly
still

Rides up to this motto : " Be with 'em I will."

Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

VIII.

O ! give me that man who can ride through a
run,

Nor engross to himself all the glory when done ;
Who calls not each horse that o'ertakes him a
" screw,"

Who loves a run best when a friend sees it too !

Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

IX.

O ! give me that man who himself goes the pace,
And whose table is free to all friends of the
chase ;

Should a spirit so choice in this wide world be
seen,

He rides, you may swear, in a collar of green ;

Quæsitum ! Quæsitum ! fill up to the brim,
We'll drink, if we die for't, a bumper to him.

Old Oulton Lowe.

I.

BAD luck to the Country! the clock had struck
 two,
 We had found ne'er a Fox in the gorges we drew;
 When each heart felt a thrill at the sound,
 "Tally-Ho!"
 Once more a view hollo from old Oulton Lowe!

II.

Away like a whirlwind toward Calveley Hall,
 For the first thirty minutes Pug laugh'd at us all;
 Our nags cur'd of kicking, ourselves of conceit,
 Ere the laugh was with us, we were most of us
 beat.

III.

The Willington mare, when she started so fast,
 Ah! we little thought then that the race was her
 last;
 Accurst be the stake that was stain'd with her
 blood;
 But why cry for spilt milk?—may the next be as
 good!

IV.

'Twas a fight for us all, worth a million, I swear,
 To see the Black Squire how he rode the black
 mare;

The meed that he merits, the Muse shall bestow,
First, foremost, and fleetest from old Oulton
Lowe !

V.

How Delamere went, it were useless to tell,
To say he was out, is to say he went well ;
A rider so skilful ne'er buckled on spur
To rule a rash horse, or to make a screw stir.

VI.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France ;
In the chase, as in war, we must all take our
chance.
Little Ireland kept up, like his namesake the
nation,
By dint of " coercion " and great " agitation."

VII.

Now Victor and Bedford were seen in the van,
Cheer'd on by the Maiden who rides like a man,
He screech'd with delight as he wip'd his hot
brow,
" Their bristles are up ! Sir ! they're hard at him
now."

VIII.

In the pride of his heart, then the Manager cried,
" Come along, little Rowley boy, why don't you
ride ? "

How he chuckled to see the long tail in distress,
As he gave her the go-by on bonny brown Bess.

IX.

The Baron from Hanover hollow'd "whoo-hoop,"
While he thought on the Lion that eat him half
up;
Well pleas'd to have balk'd the wild beast of his
dinner,
He was up in his stirrups, and rode like a winner.

X.

Oh! where 'mid the many found wanting in speed,
Oh! where and oh! where was the Wistaston
steed?
Dead beat! still his rider so lick'd him and prick'd
him,
He thought (well he might) 'twas the Devil that
kick'd him.

XI.

The Cestrian chestnut shew'd symptoms of blood,
For it flow'd from his nose ere he came to the
wood.
Where now is Dollgoth? Where the racer from
Da'enham?
Such fast ones as these! what mishap has o'er-
ta'en 'em?

XII.

Two gentlemen met, both unhors'd, in a lane,
 (Fox-hunting on foot is but labour in vain,)
 "Have you seen a brown horse?" "No, indeed,
 Sir; but pray,
 In the course of your ramble have *you* seen a
 grey?"

XIII.

As a London coal-heaver might pick up a peer,
 Whom he found in the street, with his head
 rather queer,
 So Dobbin was loos'd from his work at the plough,
 To assist a proud hunter, stuck fast in a slough.

XIV.

I advocate "movement" when shown in a horse,
 But I love in my heart a "conservative" horse;
 Long life to Sir Philip! we'll drink ere we go,
 Old times! and old Cheshire! and old Oulton
 Lowe!

1833.

Tarporley Hunt, 1833.

I.

WHEN without verdure the woods in No-
 vember are,

Then to our collars their green is transferr'd;
 Racing and chafing the sports of each member are,
 Come then to Tarporley booted and spurr'd;

Holding together, Sir,
Scorning the weather, Sir,
Like the good leather, Sir,
Which we put on :
Quæsitum meritis !
Good fun how rare it is !
I know not where it is,
Save at the Swan.

II.

Lo ! there's a Maiden whose sweet disposition is
Bent, like Diana's of old, on the chase ;
Joy to that sportsman whose horse, in condition, is
Able and willing to go the best pace ;
Racers are sweating now,
Owners are fretting now,
Stable boys betting now,
France ! ten to one :
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

III.

Lo ! where the forest turf covers gentility,
Foremost with glory and hindmost with mud ;
Now let the President prove his ability,
Umpire of speed, whether cocktail or blood ;
Go-by and Adelaide,
Though they were saddled,
Led forth and straddled,
Judge there was none !
Quæsitum meritis, &c.

IV.

How with due praise shall I sing the Palatinate,
 Ably with Presidents filling our chair ;
 The Greys and the Leghs, and the Brookes that
 have fat in it,
 Toasting our bumpers and drinking their share?
 Each Squire and each Lord, Sir,
 That meets at our board, Sir,
 Were I to record, Sir,
 I ne'er should have done :
 Quæsitum meritis, &c.

V.

“ Sume superbiam quæsitam meritis,”
 Shades of Sir Peter and Barry look down,
 Long may we good fellows, now a day rarities,
 Live to make merry in Tarporley town.
 Fox preservation,
 Throughout the whole nation,
 Affords recreation,
 Then drink it, each man :
 Quæsitum meritis !
 Good fun how rare it is !
 I know not where it is,
 Save at the Swan.

The Little Red Rover.

I.

THE dewdrop is clinging
 To whin-bush and brake,
 The skylark is singing
 "Merrie hunters, awake ;"
 Home to the cover,
 Deserted by night,
 The little Red Rover
 Is bending his flight.

II.

Resounds the glad hollo ;
 The pack scents the prey ;
 Man and horse follow
 Away ! Hark, away !
 Away ! never fearing,
 Ne'er slacken your pace :
 What music so cheering
 As that of the chase ?

III.

The Rover still speeding,
 Still distant from home,
 Spurr'd flanks are bleeding,
 And cover'd with foam ;

Fleet limbs extended,
 Roan, chestnut, or grey,
 The burst, ere 'tis ended,
 Shall try them to-day!

IV.

Well known is yon cover,
 And crag hanging o'er,
 The little Red Rover
 Shall reach it no more!
 The foremost hounds near him,
 His strength 'gins to droop :
 In pieces they tear him,
 Who-whoop ! Who-who-whoop !

The Fox and the Brambles.

A FABLE.

BEFORE the pack for many a mile
 A Fox had sped in gallant style ;
 But gasping with fatigue at last,
 The clamorous hounds approach'd him fast ;
 Though painful now the toilsome race,
 With draggled brush and stealthy pace
 Still onward for his life he flies—
 He nears the wood—before him lies
 A tangled mass of thorn and bramble ;
 In vain beneath he tries to scramble,

So springing, heedless of his skin,
 With desperate bound he leaps within.
 The prickly thicket o'er him closes ;
 To him it seem'd a bed of roses,
 As there he lay and heard around
 The baying of the baffled hound.
 Within that bush, his fears allay'd,
 He many a sage reflection made ;
 " 'Tis true, whene'er I stir," he cried,
 " The brambles wound my bleeding side,
 " But he who seeks may seek in vain
 " For perfect bliss ; then why complain ?
 " Since, mingled in one current, flow
 " Both good and evil, joy and woe ;
 " O ! let me still with patience bear
 " The evil, for the good that's there.
 " Howe'er unpleasant this retreat,
 " Yet every bitter has its sweet ;
 " The brambles pierce my skin, no doubt,
 " The hounds had torn my entrails out."

Good farmers ! read, nor take amiss,
 The moral which I draw from this ;
 Grieve not o'er gap or broken gate ;
 The damage small, the profit great ;
 The love of sport to home brings down
 Your Landlord from the smoky town,
 To dwell and spend his rents among

The tenantry, from whom they sprung.
 Though vainly when he leads the chase,
 His willing steed urged on apace,
 When scent is good and hounds are fleet,
 Though vainly then you shout, "Ware wheat!"
 That steed, perchance, by you was bred,
 And yours the corn on which he's fed ;
 Ah ! then restrain your rising ire,
 Nor rashly damn the Hunting Squire.

The Earth Stopper.

I.

TERROR of henroosts ! now from hollow
 sand-earth,
 Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmstead,
 Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder,
 Warily prowleth.

II.

Rouse thee ! Earth stopper ! rouse thee from thy
 slumber !
 Get thee thy worsted hose and winter coat on,
 While the good housewife, crawling from her
 blanket,
 Lights thee thy lantern.

III.

Clad for thy midnight silent occupation,
Mount thy old doghorse, spade upon thy shoulder,
Wiry hair'd Vixen, wheresoe'er thou wendest,
Ready to follow.

IV.

Though the chill rain drops, driven by the north
wind,
Pelt thy old jacket, soaking through and through
thee,
Though thy worn hackney, blind and broken
winded,
Hobble on three legs;

V.

Finish thy night-work well, or woe betide thee,
If on the morrow irritated Huntsman,
Back'd by a hundred followers in scarlet,
Find the earths open!

The Old Brown Forest.

I.

BROWN Forest of Mara! whose bounds
were of yore
From Kellsborrow's Castle outstretch'd to the
shore,

Our fields and our hamlets afforested then,
That thy beasts might have covert—unhous'd
were our men.

II.

Our King the first William, Hugh Lupus our
Earl,
Then poaching, I ween, was no sport for a churl;
A noose for his neck who a snare should contrive,
Who skinn'd a dead buck was himself flay'd alive!

III.

Our Normandy nobles right dearly, I trow,
They loved in the forest to bend the yew bow;
They wound their "recheat" and their "mort"
on the horn,
And they laugh'd the rude chase of the Saxon to
scorn.

IV.

In right of his bugle and greyhounds, to seize
Waif, pannage, agistment and windfallen trees,
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley
dispers'd,
Bow-bearer in chief to Earl Randle the first.

V.

This horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
Whene'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride;
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It pass'd from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

VI.

O! then the proud falcon, unloos'd from the
glove,
Like her master below, play'd the tyrant above ;
While faintly, more faintly, were heard in the sky,
The silver-ton'd bells as she darted on high.

VII.

Then rous'd from sweet slumber, the ladie high
born,
Her palfrey would mount at the sound of the horn ;
Her palfrey uptoss'd his rich trappings in air,
And neigh'd with delight such a burden to bear.

VIII.

Vers'd in all woodcraft and proud of her skill,
Her charms in the forest seem'd lovelier still ;
The Abbot rode forth from the abbey so fair,
Nor lov'd the sport less when a bright eye was
there.

IX.

Thou Palatine prophet ! whose fame I revere
(Woe be to that bard who speaks ill of a peer),
Forewarn'd of thy fate, as our legends report,
Thou wert born in a forest and " clemm'd " in
a court.

X.

Now goading thine oxen, now urging amain
Fierce monarchs to battle on Bosworth's red plain ;

“ A foot with two heels, and a hand with three thumbs ! ”

Good luck to the land when this prodigy comes !

XI.

“ Steeds shall by hundreds seek masters in vain,
Till under their bellies the girths rot in twain ; ”
’Twill need little skill to interpret this dream,
When o’er the brown forest we travel by steam !

XII.

Here hunted the Scot whom, too wise to show
fight,
No war, save the war of the woods, could excite ;
His learning, they say, did his valour surpass,
Though a hero when arm’d with a *couteau de*
chasse.

XIII.

Ah ! then came the days when to England’s
disgrace,
A King was her quarry, and warfare her chase ;
Old Noll for their huntsman ! a puritan pack !
With psalms on their tongues—but with blood
in their track.

XIV.

Then Charlie our King was restor’d to his own,
And again the blythe horn in the forest was blown ;
Steeds from the desert then cross’d the blue wave
To contend on our turf for the prizes he gave.

XV.

Ere Bluecap and Wanton taught fox-hounds to
flurry,
With music in plenty—O! where was the hurry?
When each nag wore a crupper, each Squire a
pigtail;
When our toast “The Brown Forest,” was drunk
in brown ale.

XVI.

The fast ones came next, with a wild fox in view,
“Ware hole!” was a caution then heeded by few;
Oppos’d by no cops, by no fences confin’d,
O’er whinbush and heather they swept like the
wind.

XVII.

Behold! in the soil of our forest once more,
The sapling takes root as in ages of yore;
The oak of old England with branches outspread,
The pine-tree above them uprearing its head.

XVIII.

Where, ’twixt the whalebones, the widow sat
down,
Who forsook the Black forest to dwell in the
Brown,
There, where the flock on sweet herbage once fed,
The blackcock takes wing, and the fox-cub is bred.

XIX.

This timber the storms of the ocean shall weather,
 And sail o'er the waves as we sail'd o'er the
 heather ;
 Each plant of the forest, when launch'd from the
 stocks,
 May it run down a foeman as we do a Fox.

The Dead Hunter.

I.

HIS fire from the desert, his dam from the
 north,
 The pride of my stable stept gallantly forth,
 One slip in his stride as the scurry he led,
 And my steed, ere his rivals o'ertook him, lay
 dead.

II.

Poor steed ! shall thy limbs on the hunting field
 lie,
 That his beak in thy carcase the raven may dye ?
 Is it thine the sad doom of thy race to fulfil,
 Thy flesh to the cauldron, thy bones to the mill ?

III.

Ah ! no.—I beheld thee a foal yet unshod,
 Now race round the paddock, now roll on the sod ;

Where first thy young hoof the green herbage
impress'd,
There, the shoes on thy feet, will I lay thee to
rest!

The Spectre Stag.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

I.

A BARON lived in Germany,
Of old and noble race,
Whose mind was wholly bent upon
The pleasures of the chase.

II.

Thro' summer's sultry dog-days,
Thro' winter's frost severe,
This Baron's hunting season
Was twelve months in the year.

III.

From dawn till dark he hunted,
And the truth I grieve to speak,
The number of his hunting days
Was seven in the week.

IV.

No lands within his seignorie
Was ever allowed to till;

No corn-field in the valley,
No vineyard on the hill.

v.

What marvel hungry poachers,
When the Baron was a-bed,
Were bent on stealing venison,
For very lack of bread?

vi.

But woe that wretch betided,
Who in the quest was found;
On the stag he would have slaughter'd
Was his naked body bound.

vii.

Borne, like Mazeppa, headlong,
From the panting quarry's back
He saw the thirsty blood-hounds
Let loose upon his track.

viii.

The pack, their prey o'ertaken,
On the mangled victims feast;
And, mix'd in one red slaughter,
Flows the blood of man and beast.

ix.

The Baron thus his pastime
Pursued until he died;
My tale shall tell how this befell
On the eve of Eastertide.

X.

The moon rose o'er the forest,
And the distant village chime
Call'd sinners to confession,
And bespoke a hallow'd time.

XI.

When suddenly a strange halloo
Was heard around to ring,
The Hunter seiz'd his bow and plac'd
An arrow on the string.

XII.

The cry, the cheer, the tumult
Of the chase—and then, display'd
By the pale light of the moonbeam,
Far adown the forest-glade,

XIII.

Was seen, with brow full antler'd,
A Monster Stag—his back
Bestriden by a Huntsman,
Apparell'd all in black.

XIV.

Their eyes unto their master
The crouching pack uprais'd,
Their master on his trembling steed
At the sight was fore amaz'd.

XV.

“Ye curs,” he cried, “why stir ye not?
A curse upon the breed!
And you, ye loitering varlets,
Where are ye in such need?”

XVI.

To summon then his followers,
He grasp'd his hunting horn,
Through the forest's deep recesses
The echoing blast was borne.

XVII.

But borne in vain—his retinue
No note in answer gave;
And the silence that succeeded
Was the silence of the grave.

XVIII.

His eye in terror glancing
From glade to distant crag,
Nought saw he save the spectre
Goading on that grisly stag.

XIX.

The nearer it approach'd him,
The larger still it grew;
Again he seiz'd his hunting horn,
And his gasping breath he drew.

XX.

Eye, cheek, and throat distended,
 Each fibre strain'd to blow,
 His life-breath past in that bugle blast,
 And he fell from the saddle bow.

XXI.

Where the Baron's chase was ended,
 There they laid his bones to rot ;
 And his heirs, in after ages,
 Built a Chapel on the spot.

XXII.

And still, they say, that bugle blast,
 When Easter-tide comes round,
 Disturbs the midnight forest
 With a strange unearthly sound.

*On the New Kennel, erected on
 Delamere Forest.*

MAY, 1834.

I.

GR^EAT names in the Abbey are graven in
 stone,
 Our kennel records them in good flesh and bone;
 A *Bedford*, a *Gloster*, to life we restore,
 And *Nelson* with *Victory* couple once more,
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

II.

Were the laws of the kennel the laws of the land,
The shillalah should drop from the Irishman's
hand ;

And journeymen tailors, on "striking" intent,
Should stick to their stitching like hounds to a
scent.

III.

O ! grant, ye reformers, who rule o'er us all,
That our kennels may stand though our colleges
fall ;

Our pack from long trial we know to be good,
Grey-hounds admitted might ruin the blood.

IV.

Fond parents may dote on their pride of thirteen,
Switch'd into Latin and breech'd in nankeen ;
A puppy just enter'd a language can speak
More sweetly sonorous than Homer's own
Greek.

V.

O ! clothe me in scarlet ! a spur on each heel !
And guardsmen may case their whole bodies in
steel !

Lancers in battle with lancers may tilt,
Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt !

VI.

New built, may this kennel continue to rear
A pack still as prime as the old ones bred here ;
May the depth of their cry be no check to their
pace,

But the ring of their music still gladden the chase.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

1834.

The Ladie Cunigunda of Kynast.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(F. RUCKERT.)

I.

“ I N my bower,” said Cunigunda,
“ No longer will I bide,
I will ride forth to the hunting,
Right merrie ’tis to ride.”

II.

Said she, "None but a valiant Knight
Shall win me for a bride;
Undaunted must he venture
Round my castle wall to ride."

III.

Then rode a noble Knight along
The Kynast Castle wall ;

Her hand that Ladie rais'd not
At the noble Knight's downfall.

IV.

Upon that wall another Knight
Rode gallantly and well ;
That Ladie's heart misgave her not
When horse and rider fell.

V.

Another Knight, and once again
Another dar'd to try,
And both, down rolling headlong,
She beheld with tearless eye.

VI.

Thus years and years pass'd on, until
No Knight again drew nigh ;
None to ride again would venture,
For to venture was to die.

VII.

Cunigunda from the battlement
Look'd out both far and wide :
" I fit within my bower alone,
Will none attempt the ride ?

VIII.

" O ! is there none would win me now,
And wear me for a bride ?
Has chivalry turn'd recreant ?
Has knighthood lost its pride ? "

IX.

Out spake Thuringia's Landgrave
(Count Adelbert he hight,)
"This Ladie fair is worthy well
The venture of a Knight."

X.

The Landgrave train'd his war-horse
On the mountain steep to go,
That the Ladie might not glory
In another overthrow.

XI.

"'Tis I, O noble Ladie,
Who will on the venture speed ;"
Sadly, earnestly, she eyed him,
As he sprang upon his steed.

XII.

She saw him mount and onward spur,
She trembled and she sigh'd :
"O woe is me that for my sake
He tries this fearful ride !"

XIII.

He rode along the castle wall,
She turn'd her from the sight :
"Woe is me, he rideth straightway
To his grave, that noble Knight !"

XIV.

He rode along the castle wall,
On dizzy rampart there ;
She dar'd not move a finger
Of her hand, that Ladie fair !

XV.

He rode along the castle wall,
O'er battlement and mound ;
She dar'd not breathe a whisper,
Lest he totter at the sound.

XVI.

He rode around the castle wall,
And down again rode he :
“ Now God be prais'd that he hath spar'd
Thy precious life to thee !

XVII.

“ May God be prais'd thou didst not ride
A death-ride to thy grave !
Now quit thy steed and claim thy bride,
Thou worthy Knight and brave ! ”

XVIII.

Then spake the Landgrave, bending down
Unto the saddle bow :
“ That Knight can dare, O Ladie fair,
This morning's ride doth show.

XIX.

“Wait thou until another come
To do this feat for thee ;
A wife I have and children,
And my bride thou canst not be.”

XX.

He spurr'd his steed and went his way,
Light-hearted as he came ;
And as he went half dead was she
With anger and with shame.

The Love-Chace.

FOND Lover ! pining night and day,
Come listen to a hunter's lay ;
The craft of each is to pursue,
Then learn from hunting how to woo.

It matters not to eager hound
The cover where the fox is found,
Whether he o'er the open fly,
Or echoing woods repeat his cry ;
And when the welcome shout says “Gone !”
Then we, whate'er the line, rush on.
Seen seated in the banquet-hall,
Or view'd afoot at midnight ball,
Whene'er the beating of your heart
Proclaims a find, that moment start !

If silence best her humour suit,
Then make at first the running mute ;
But if to mirth inclin'd, give tongue
In spoken jest or ditty sung ;
Let laughter and light prattle cheer
The love-chace, when the maid is near ;
When absent, fancy must pursue
Her form, and keep her face in view ;
Fond thoughts must like the busy pack
Unceasingly her footsteps track.

The doubt, the agony, the fear,
Are fences raised for you to clear ;
Push on through pique, rebuff, and scorn,
As hunters brush through hedge of thorn ;
On dark despondency still look
As hunters on a yawning brook,
If for one moment on the brink
You falter, in you fall—and sink.

Though following fast the onward track,
Turn quickly when she doubles back ;
Whenever check'd, whenever crost,
Still never deem the quarry lost ;
Cast forward first, if that should fail,
A backward cast may chance avail ;
Cast far and near, cast all around,
Leave not untried one inch of ground.

Should envious rival at your side
Cling, jostling as you onward ride,
Then let not jealousy deter,
But use it rather as a spur ;
Outstrip him ere he interfere,
And splash the dirt in his career.

With other nymphs avoid all flirting,
Those hounds are hang'd that take to skirting ;
Of Cupid's angry lash beware,
Provoke him not to cry " Ware hare ;"
That winged whipper-in will rate
Your riot if you run not straight.

Though Reynard, with unwearied flight,
Should run from dawn till dusky night,
However swift, however stout,
Still perseverance tires him out ;
And never yet have I heard tell
Of maiden so inflexible,
Of one cast in so hard a mould,
So coy, so stubborn, or so cold,
But courage, constancy, and skill
Could find a way to win her still ;
Though at the find her timid cry
Be " No ! no ! no ! indeed not I,"
The finish ever ends in this,
Proud beauty caught, at last says, " Yes."

Hunters may range the country round,
And balk'd of sport no fox be found ;
A blank the favourite gorse may prove,
But maiden's heart, when drawn for love,
(Their gracious stars let Lovers thank,)
Was ne'er, when drawn aright, drawn blank.

If any could, that Goddess fair,
Diana, might have scap'd the snare ;
That cunning huntress might have laugh'd,
If any could, at Cupid's shaft ;
Still, though reluctant to submit,
That tiny shaft the Goddess hit ;
And on the mountain-top, they say,
Endymion stole her heart away.

Bear this in mind throughout the run,
"Faint heart fair lady never won ;"
Those cravens are thrown out who swerve,
"None but the brave the fair deserve."

Success will aye the Lover crown,
If guided by these rules laid down ;
Then little Cupid, standing near,
Shall greet him with a lusty cheer ;
And Hymen, that old huntsman, loop
The couples, while he shouts, "Who-hoop !"

A Recollection.

I WELL remember in my youthful day,
 When first of love I felt the inward smart,
 How one fair morning, eager all to start,
 My fellow hunters chided my delay.
 I follow'd listless, for with tyrant sway
 That secret grief oppress'd my aching heart,
 Till fond Hope whisper'd, ere this day depart
 Thy lov'd one thou shalt see—Away! away!

The chace began, I shar'd its maddening glee,
 And rode amid the foremost in that run,
 Whose end, far distant, Love had well foretold.
 Her dwelling lay betwixt my home and me ;
 We met, still lingering ere it sunk, the sun
 O'erspread her blushes with a veil of gold.

The Tantivy Trot.

I.

HERE'S to the old ones, of four-in-hand
 fame,
 Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, Sir ;
 Here's to the fast ones that after them came,
 Ford and the Lancashire Lord, Sir,
 Let the steam pot
 His till it's hot,
 Give me the speed of the Tantivy Trot.

II.

Here's to the team, Sir, all harness'd to start,
Brilliant in Brummagem leather ;
Here's to the waggoner, skill'd in the art,
Coupling the cattle together.
Let the steam pot, &c.

III.

Here's to the dear little damsels within,
Here's to the swells on the top, Sir ;
Here's to the music in three feet of tin,
And here's to the tapering crop, Sir.
Let the steam pot, &c.

IV.

Here's to the shape that is shown the near side,
Here's to the blood on the off, Sir ;
Limbs with no check to their freedom of stride !
Wind without whistle or cough, Sir !
Let the steam pot, &c.

V.

Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
Still to a gallop inclin'd, Sir ;
Heads in the front with no bearing reins on !
Tails with no cruppers behind, Sir !
Let the steam pot, &c.

VI.

Here's to the dragfmen I've dragged into fong,
 Salifbury, Mountain, and Co., Sir;
 Here's to the Cracknell who cracks them along
 Five twenty-fives at a go! Sir.
 Let the fteam pot, &c.

VII.

Here's to Mac Adam the Mac of all Macs,
 Here's to the road we ne'er tire on;
 Let me but roll o'er the granite he cracks,
 Ride ye who like it on iron.
 Let the fteam pot
 Hifs till it's hot,
 Give me the fpeed of the Tantivy Trot.
 1834.

Hawkstone Bow-Meeting.

“Celeri certare fagittâ
 Invitat qui forte velint, et præmia ponit.”

ÆN. lib. v.

I.

FAREWELL to the Dane and the Weaver
 Farewell to the horn and the hound!
 The Tarporley Swan, I muft leave her
 Unfung till the feafon come round;

My hunting whip hung in a corner,
My bridle and saddle below,
I call on the Muse and adorn her
With baldrick, and quiver, and bow.

II.

Bright Goddess ! assist me, recounting
The names of toxophilites here,
How Watkin came down from the mountain,
And Mainwaring up from the Mere ;
Assist me to fly with as many on
As the steed of Parnassus can take,
Price, Parker, Lloyd, Kynaston, Kenyon,
Dod, Cunliffe, Brooke, Owen and Drake.

III.

To witness the feats of the Bowmen,
To stare at the tent of the Bey,
Merrie Maidens and ale-drinking Yeomen
At Hawkstone assemble to-day.
From the lord to the lowest in station,
From the east of the shire to the west,
Salopia's whole population
Within the green valley compest.

IV.

In the hues of the target appearing,
Now the bent of each archer is seen ;
The widow to *fable* adhering,
The lover forsaken to *green* ;

For *gold* its affection displaying,
One shaft at the centre is sped ;
Another a love tale betraying,
Is aim'd with a blush at the *red*.

V.

Pride pointing profanely at heaven,
Humility sweeping the ground,
The arrow of gluttony driven
Where ven'son and sherry abound !
At *white* see the maiden unmated
The arrow of innocence draw,
While the shaft of the matron is fated
To fasten its point in the *straw*.

VI.

Tell, fated with Gessler to grapple
Till the tyrannous Bailiff was slain,
Let Switzerland boast of the apple
His arrow once sever'd in twain ;
We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer,
Such a feat were again to be done,
Should our host and his Lady think fit, Sir,
To lend us the head of their son !

VII.

The ash may be graceful and limber,
The oak may be sturdy and true ;

You may search, but in vain, for a timber
 To rival the old British yew !
 You may roam through all lands, but there's no
 land
 Can sport such as Salop's afford,
 And the Hill of all Hills is Sir Rowland !
 The hero of heroes my Lord !
 1835.

The Ball and the Battue.

I.

YE who care to encourage the long-feather'd
 breed,
 To the Ball overnight let the Battue succeed ;
 For when the heart aches,
 Ten to one the hand shakes
 And sighs beget curses, and curses mistakes.

II.

For the shot-belt of leather, in velveteen drest,
 I have doff'd the gold chain and laid by the silk
 vest,
 A pancake so flat
 Was my ball-going hat,
 But a dumpling to shoot in is better than that.

III.

My Manton to concert pitch tun'd for the day,
 How the pheasants will reel in the air as I play !

While snipes as they fly
Pirouette in the sky,
And rabbits and hares in the gallopade die.

IV.

“Once more might I view thee, sweet partner!”

“Mark hare!

She is gone down the middle and up again
there”—

“That hand might I kiss,
Mark cock!—did I miss?

Ye Gods, who could shoot with a weapon
like this?”—

V.

In my breast there's a thorn which no doctor can
reach,

Ah me!—but what's this that I feel in my
breach?—

Overwhelm'd by the pain
Of a love that is vain—

How on earth shall I ever get out of this drain?

VI.

Thus a father may rescue his pheasants from
slaughter,

The best of preservers his own pretty daughter;

Sad thoughts in the pate,
 On the heart a sad weight,
 Who, blinded by Cupid, could ever aim
 straight?

1837.

On the Landlord

OF THE WHITE HORSE INN, AT ALPNACH,
 IN SWITZERLAND.

I.

THE white horse by mine host has been
 brought to the post,
 Of his points and his pints he has reason to boast ;
 To the guests who approach him a welcome he
 snorts,
 While they fill up his quarters and empty his
 quarts.

II.

Neither weak in his *Hocks*, nor deficient in
Beaune,
 In his *Cote* good condition though palpably shown,
 There are folk, not a few, who still call him a
 screw ;
 If applied to cork-drawing, the term may be true.

III.

Altogether reverſing the old-ſaſhion'd plan,
Here the horſe puts a bit in the mouth of the man ;
And ſo long as not given to running away,
To the roadſter who enters he never ſays
“ *Neigh.*”

IV.

He ſets him, when caught, ſtraight to work at
the *Carte*,
With the coſt of it ſaddles him ere he depart,
Gives him three feeds a day and the run of the
bin,
And then makes him fork *out* for the good of
the *Inn*!

V.

They may call the grey mare at his ſide the beſt
horſe,
But they both pull together for better for worſe ;
Through the *heyday* of life may they pleaſantly
paſs,
Till by Death, that grim groom, they are turn'd
out to graſs.

Cheshire Chivalry.

ON the 23rd of December, 1837, the Cheshire Hounds found a fox in the plantation adjoining Tilston Lodge. Running directly to the house, he baffled for a time all further pursuit by leaping through a window pane into the dairy. When captured, he was turned out at Wardle Gorse, and after an unusually quick burst, in the course of which he crossed two canals, was killed at Cholmondeston.

I.

UNPUNISH'D shall Reynard our dairies
attack,

His fate unrecorded in song?

Ah ! no ; when the captive was loos'd from a sack,
There was not, fair milk-maid, a hound in the
pack,

But was bent on avenging thy wrong.

II.

Would that those who imagine all chivalry o'er,
Had encounter'd our gallant array ;
Ne'er a hundred such knights, e'en in ages of yore,
Took the field in the cause of one damsel before,
As were seen in the saddle that day.

III.

Their high-mettled courage no dangers appal,
So keen was the ardour display'd ;

Some lose a frail stirrup, some flounder, some fall,
Some gallantly stem the deep waters, and all
For the sake of the pretty milk-maid.

IV.

For thirty fast minutes Pug fled from his foes,
Nor a moment for breathing allow'd ;
When at Cholm'stone the skurry was brought to
a close,
The nags that had follow'd him needed repose,
As their panting and sobbing avow'd.

V.

There, stretch'd on the greensward, lay Geoffry
the stout,
His heels were upturn'd to the sky,
From each boot flow'd a stream, as it were from
a spout,
Away stole the fox ere one half had run out,
And away with fresh vigour we fly !

VI.

Once more to the water, though harass'd and beat,
The fox with a struggle swam through ;
Though the churn that he tainted shall never be
sweet,
His heart's blood ere long shall our vengeance
complete,
And the caitiff his villany rue.

VII.

Stout Geoffry declar'd he would witness the kill
Should he swim in the saddle till dark ;
Six horsemen undauntedly follow'd him still,
Till the fate that awaited the steed of Sir Phil
Put an end to this merry mud lark.

VIII.

Back, back, the bold Baronet roll'd from the shore,
Immers'd overhead in the wave ;
The Tories 'gan think that the game was all o'er,
For their member was missing a minute or more
Ere he rose from his watery grave.

IX.

Quoth Tollemache, more eager than all to make
fail,
(A foul that abhorreth restraint,)
“ Good doctor,” quoth he, “ since thy remedies
fail,
Since blister, nor bleeding, nor pill-box avail,
Cold bathing may suit my complaint.”

X.

When Williams past o'er, at the burden they bore
The waters all trembled with awe ;
For the heaving canal, when it wash'd him ashore,
Ne'er had felt such a swell on its surface before,
As the swell from the Leamington Spa.

XI.

Harry Brooke, as a bird o'er the billow would skim,
Must have flown to the furthestmost brink ;
For the moisture had reach'd neither garment nor
limb,

There was not a speck the boot polish to dim,
Nor a mudstain to tarnish the pink.

XII.

The fox looking back, saw them fathom the tide,
But was doom'd, ere they cross'd it, to die ;
Who-whoop may sound sweeter by far on that side,
But, thinks I to myself, I've a twenty-mile ride,
And as yet my good leather is dry.

XIII.

Life-guardsmen ! why hang down in sorrow thy
head ?

Could our pack such a fast one outstrip ?
Looking down at the ditch where his mare lay
for dead,

"Pray, which way to Aston," he mournfully said,
And uptwisted the hair of his lip.

XIV.

Though of milk and of water I've made a long tale,
When a livelier liquor's display'd,
I've a toast that will suit either claret or ale,
Good sport to the Kennel ! success to the Pail !
And a health to the pretty Milk-maid !

On the Picture of the Cheshire Hunt,

PAINTED BY H. CALVERT IN 1840.

I.

ERE our Kennel a coal-hole envelop'd in
 smoke,

Blood and bone shall give way to hot water and
 coke ;

Make and shape, pace and pedigree, held as a jest,
 All the power of the Stud in a copper comprest ;

II.

The green collar faded, good fellowship o'er,
 Sir Peter and Barry remember'd no more,
 From her Tarporley perch ere the Swan shall
 drop down,

And her death-note be heard through the deso-
 late town,

III.

Let Geoffrey record, in the reign of Queen Vic,
 How the horse and his rider could still do the
 trick ;

Let his journal, bequeath'd to posterity, show
 How their fires rode a hunting in days long ago.

IV.

In colours unfading let Calvert design
 A field not unworthy a sport so divine ;

For when Joe was their Huntsman, and Tom
their first Whip,
Who then could the chosen of Cheshire outstrip?

V.

Let the Laureate, ere yet he be laid on the shelf,
Say how dearly he lov'd the diversion himself;
How his Muse o'er the field made each season a
cast,
Gave a cheer to the foremost, and rated the last.

VI.

All the glories of Belvoir let Delamere tell,
And how Leicestershire griev'd when he bade
them farewell;
Tell how oft with the Quorn he had liv'd through
a burst
When the few were selected, the many dispers'd.

VII.

With so graceful a feat, and with spirits so gay,
Let them learn from Sir Richard, erect on his
grey,
How the best of all cures for a pain in the back
Is to sit on the pigskin and follow the pack.

VIII.

Say, Glegg, how the chace requir'd judgment and
skill,
How to coax a tir'd horse over valley and hill;

How his shoe should be shap'd, how to nurse him
when sick,
And when out how to spare him by making a
nick.

IX.

Charley Cholmondeley, make known how, in
Wellefley's campaign
When the mail arriv'd loaded with laurels from
Spain,
How cheers through the club-room were heard
to resound,
While, upfill'd to the brim, the Quasitum went
round.

X.

Let Wicksted describe and futurity learn
All the points of a hound, from the nose to the
stern ;
He whose joy 'tis to dance, without fiddle or pipe,
To the tune of Who-whoop with a fox in his gripe,

XI.

Say, Dorfold's black Squire, how, when trundling
ahead,
Ever close to your side clung the Colonel in red ;
He who, charge what he would, never came to a
hitch,
A fence or a Frenchman, it matter'd not which.

XII.

Let Cornwall declare, though a long absentee,
With what pain and what grief he deserted High
 Legh ;
How he car'd not to prance on the Corso at Rome,
While such sport Winterbottom afforded at home.

XIII.

The rules of hard riding let Tollemache impart,
How to lean o'er the pommel and dash at a start ;
Emerging at once from a crowd in suspense,
How in safety he rides who is first at the fence.

XIV.

How with caution 'tis pleasanter far to advance
Let them learn from De Tabley, Tom Tatton
 and France ;
Who void of ambition still follow the chace,
Nor think that all sport is dependent on pace.

XV.

Twin managers ! tell them, Smith Barry from
 Cork,
And Dixon, who studied the science in York,
Though we boast but one neck to our Tarporley
 Swan,
Two heads in the kennel are better than one.

XVI.

Let Entwistle, Blackburne, and Trafford disown
Those Lancashire flats, where the sport was un-
 known ;

Releas'd from St. Stephen's let Patten declare
How fox-hunting solac'd a senator's care.

XVII.

Let the bones of the steed which Sir Philip be-
strode
'Mid the fossils at Oulton be carefully stow'd ;
For the animal soon, whether hunter or war-horse,
Will be rare in the land as an Ichthyosaurus.

XVIII.

Still distant the day, yet in ages to come,
When the gorse is uprooted, the fox-hound is
dumb,
May verse make immortal the deeds of the field,
And the shape of each steed be on canvas reveal'd.

XIX.

Let the pencil be dipt in the hues of the chace,
Contentment and health be pourtray'd in each
face ;
Let the foreground display the select of the pack,
And Chester's green vale be outstretch'd in the
back !

XX.

When the time-honour'd race of our gentry shall
end,
The poor no protector, the farmer no friend,

They shall here view the face of the old Tatton
Squire,
And regret the past sport that once gladden'd our
Shire.

The Breeches.

I.

WHEN I mention the "Breeches," I feel
no remorse,
For the ladies all know 'tis an evergreen gorse ;
They are not of leather, they are not of plush,
But expressly cut out for Joe maiden to brush.

II.

Good luck to the 'prentice by whom they were
made !
His shears were a ploughshare, his needle a spade ;
May each landlord a pair to this pattern bespeak,
The Breeches that lasted us three days a week.

III.

The fox is away and Squire Royds made it known,
Setting straightway to work at a pace of his own ;
Past him sped Tollemache, as instant in flight
As a star when it shoots through the azure of
night.

IV.

They who witness'd the pack as it skirted the Spa,
By the head they then carried a struggle foresaw;
At their heels a white horse with his head in the
air,
But his bridle was loose, and his saddle was bare.

V.

May Peel (near the Breeches at starting o'er-
thrown,
Where he left the impression in mud of his
own;)
When next he thinks fit this white horse to be-
straddle,
See less of the Breeches and more of the saddle.

VI.

From Spurlow we pointed towards Bunbury
Church,
Some rounding that cover were left in the lurch;
By Hurleston we hurried, nor e'er tighten'd rein,
Till check'd for one moment in Baddiley lane.

VII.

When we pass'd the old gorse and the meadows
beneath,
When, across the canal, we approach'd Aston
Heath,

There were riders who took to the water like rats,
There were steeds without horsemen, and men
without hats.

VIII.

How many came down to the Edlestone brook,
How many came down, not to leap—but to look ;
The steeds that stood still with a stitch in their
side,
Will remember the day when the Breeches were
tried.

IX.

The pack, pressing onwards, still merrily went,
Till at Dorfold they needed no longer a scent ;
Man and maid rushing forth stood aloft on the
wall,
And uprais'd a view hollo that shook the old hall.

X.

Too weak for the open, too hot for the drain,
He cros'd and recros'd Ran'moor covers in vain ;
When he reach'd the Bull's wood, he lay down
in despair,
And we hollow'd whó-hoop, as they worried him
there.

XI.

Pufs in boots is a fable to children well known,
The Dog in a doublet at Sandon is shown,
Henceforth when a landlord good liquor can boast,
Let the Fox and the Breeches be hung on his post.

XII.

From Vulpecide villains our foxes secure,
 May these evergreen Breeches till doomsday en-
 dure !

Go ! all ye good squires, if my ditty should please,
 Go clothe your bare acres in Breeches like these.

1841.

*Inscription on the Handle of a Fox's Brush,
 mounted and presented by the Author
 to Wilbraham Tollemache, Esq.*

Feb. 20, 1841.

WE found our fox at Brindley ; thrice that
 week

The gorse was drawn, and thrice with like success.
 For nigh two hours, o'er many a mile of grafs,
 We chas'd him thence to Dorfold, where he died.
 Tollemache ! in admiration of thy skill'd
 And gallant riding to the pack that day,
 To thee I yield the Brush, esteem not thou
 The trophy less thus proffer'd by a friend.

The Sawyer.

THE imaginary catastrophe, which is the subject of the following lines, originated in the warning given by one of our party to the Factor at Abergeldie, that, if he persisted in felling timber during the term of our lease, he must hold himself responsible should any one "shoot a Sawyer."

I.

NOW Abergeldie gillies, as they range our
forest-ground,

See sawing here, see sawing there, see sawpits all
around;

In fear and dread, as on they tread no whisky
dare they touch,

No! not a drop, lest, neck and crop, they take a
drop too much.

II.

"Aim straight to-day, my comrades, 'twill be
truly a dear hit

If, shooting deer in the forest here, manslaughter
you commit;

If feller, fell'd, should in the act of striking be
down struck,

Or Sawyer kick the bucket here, mistaken for a
Buck."

III.

Vain words ! forth came a bounding stag, his
antler'd head on high,
And, caring not a whistle for the balls that
whistled by,
Away, alive and kicking, to the distant mountain
sped ;—
Though de'il a bit the deer was hit, the deal-
cutter was dead.

IV.

His skull was crack'd, his only wage that day was
half-a-crown,
He was cutting up a billet when the bullet cut
him down ;
Many thousand feet of timber had that Sawyer
rent in twain,
Now himself was split afunder, very much against
the grain.

V.

We needed not the Sexton with his pickaxe and
his spade
In the sawpit which himself had dug his grave was
ready made ;
Top Sawyer though he had been, to the bottom
he was thrust,
And we binn'd him like a bottle of old Sherry in
sawduft.

VI.

Full many a railway sleeper had he made since
 peep of day,
Ere night himself a sleeper in his narrow bed he
 lay;
No tear-drop unavailingly we shed upon the
 spot,
But we sprinkled him with whisky to preserve
 him from dry rot.

VII.

Oh no! we never mention him, that shot we
 never own,
We book'd him in the game book as an "animal
 unknown!"
We know not how the wife and bairns without
 his board subsist,
We only know we hit him, and he has not
 since been mis'd.

1844.

Song, written for and sung by

I. H. SMITH BARRY, ESQ.

OWNER OF THE "COLUMBINE" YACHT, WHEN

PRESIDENT OF THE TARPORLEY

HUNT MEETING, 1845.

I.

NOW riding safe at anchor, idly floats the
"Columbine,"

And the perils of the ocean in November I resign;
With other messmates round me, merry comrades
every one,

To-night I take command, boys, of the gallant
ship, the "Swan."

Chorus.

Then up, boys! up for action, with a hearty three
times three,

What tars are half so jolly as the tars of Tar-
porley?

II.

'Tis true, though strange, this gallant ship in
water cannot swim,

A sea of rosy wine, boys, is the sea she loves to skim;
The billows of that red sea are in bumpers tofs'd
about,

Our spirits rising higher as the tide is running out!

Chorus.

III.

Still swinging at her moorings, with a cable round
her neck,
Though long as summer lasteth all deserted is her
deck,
She scuds before the breezes of November fast
and free,
O! ne'er may she be stranded in the straits of
Tarporeley.

Chorus.

IV.

By adverse gale or hurricane her sails are never
rent,
Her canvas swells with laughter, and her freight
is merriment ;
The lightning on her deck, boys, is the lightning
flash of wit,
Loud cheers in thunder rolling till her very
timbers split !

Chorus.

V.

We need not Archimedes with his screw on board
the Swan,
The screw that draws the cork, boys, is the
screw that drives us on,
And should we be becalm'd, boys, while giving
chase to care,

When the brimming bowl is heated we have
steam in plenty there.

Chorus.

VI.

No rocks have we to split on, no foes have we to
fight,
No dangers to alarm us, while we keep the
reckoning right ;
We fling the gold about, boys, though we never
heave the lead,
And long as we can raise the wind our course is
straight a-head.

Chorus.

VII.

The index of our compass is the bottle that we
trowl,
To the chair again revolving like the needle to
the pole ;
The motto on our glasses is to us a fixed star,
We know while we can see it, boys, exactly
where we are.

Chorus.

VIII.

To their sweethearts let our bachelors a sparkling
bumper fill,
To their wives let those who have 'em fill a
fuller bumper still ;

TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING. 67

O! never while we've health, boys, may we
quit this gallant ship,
But every year, together here, enjoy this pleasure
trip.

Chorus.

IX.

Behind me stands my ancestor, Sir Peter stands
before,
Two pilots who have weather'd many a stormy
night of yore ;
So may our sons and grandsons, when we are
dead and gone,
Spend many a merry night, boys, in the cabin of
the Swan.

Chorus.

Then up, boys! up for action, with a hearty
three times three,
What tars are half so jolly as the tars of
Tarporeley?

1845.

Tarwood.

A RUN WITH THE HEYTHROP.

HE waited not—he was not found—
No warning note from eager hound,
But echo of the distant horn,

From outskirts of the covert borne,
Where Jack the Whip in ambush lay,
Proclaim'd that he was gone away.

Away ! ere yet that blast was blown,
The fox had o'er the meadow flown ;
Away ! away ! his flight he took,
Straight pointing for the Windrush brook !

The Miller, when he heard the pack,
Stood tiptoe on his loaded sack,
He view'd the fox across the flat,
And, needless signal, wav'd his hat ;
He saw him clear with easy stride
The stream by which the mill was plied ;
Like phantom fox he seem'd to fly,
With speed unearthly flitting by.

The road that leads to Witney town,
He travell'd neither up nor down ;
But straight away, like arrow sped
From cloth-yard bow, he shot a-head.
Now Cokethorpe on his left he past,
Now Ducklington behind him cast,
Now by Bampton, now by Lew,
Now by Clanfield, on he flew ;
At Grafton now his course inclin'd,
And Kelmescote now is left behind !

Where waters of the Isis lave
The meadows with its classic wave,
O'er those meadows speeding on,
He near'd the bridgeway of St. John ;
He paused a moment on the bank,
His footsteps in the ripple sand,
He felt how cold, he saw how strong
The rapid river roll'd along ;
Then turn'd away, as if to say,
" All those who like to cross it may."

The Huntsman, though he view'd him back,
View'd him too late to turn the pack,
Which o'er the tainted meadow prest,
And reach'd the river all abreast ;
In with one plunge, one billowy splash,
In—together—in they dash,
Together stem the wintry tide,
Then shake themselves on t'other side !
" Hark, hollo back !" that loud halloo
Then eager, and more eager grew,
Till every hound, recrossing o'er,
Stoop'd forward to the scent once more ;
Nor further aid, throughout the day,
From Huntsman or from Whip had they.

Away ! away ! uncheck'd in pace,
O'er grafs and fallow swept the chace ;
To hounds, to horses, or to men,

No child's play was the struggle then ;
A trespasser on Milward's ground,
He climb'd the pale that fenc'd it round ;
Then close by Little Hemel sped,
To Fairford pointing straight a-head,
Though now, the pack approaching nigh,
He heard his death-note in the cry.
They view'd him, and then seem'd their race
The very lightning of the chace !
The fox had reach'd the Southropp lane,
He strove to cross it, but in vain,
The pack roll'd o'er him in his stride,
And onward struggling still—he died.

This gallant fox, in Tarwood found,
Had cross'd full twenty miles of ground ;
Had fought in cover, left or right,
No shelter to conceal his flight ;
But nigh two hours the open kept,
As stout a fox as ever slept !
That morning, in the saddle set,
A hundred men at Tarwood met ;
The eager steeds which they bestrode
Pac'd to and fro the Witney road,
For hard as iron shoe that trod
Its surface, the unyielding sod ;
Till midday sun had thaw'd the ground
And made it fit for foot of hound,

They champ'd the bit and twitch'd the rein,
And paw'd the frozen earth in vain,
Impatient with fleet hoof to scour
The vale, each minute seem'd an hour ;
Still Rumour says of that array
Scarce ten liv'd fairly through the day.

Ah ! how shall I in song declare
The riders who were foremost there ?
A fit excuse how shall I find
For every rider left behind ?

Though Cokethorpe seem one open plain,
'Tis slash'd and sluic'd with many a drain,
And he who clears those ditches wide
Must needs a goodly steed bestride.
From Bampton to the river's bounds
The race was run o'er pasture grounds ;
Yet many a horse of blood and bone
Was heard to cross it with a groan ;
For blackthorns stiff the fields divide
With watery ditch on either side.
By Lechlade's village fences rise
Of every sort and every size,
And frequent there the grievous fall
O'er slippery bank and crumbling wall ;
Some planted deep in cornfield stand,
A fix'd incumbrance on the land !

While others prove o'er post and rail
The merits of the sliding scale.

Ah ! much it grieves the Muse to tell
At Clanfield how Valentia fell ;
He went, they say, like one bewitch'd,
Till headlong from the saddle pitch'd ;
There, reckless of the pain, he sigh'd
To think he might not onward ride ;
Though fallen from his pride of place,
His heart was following still the chase ;
He bade his many friends forbear
The proffer'd aid, nor tarry there ;
“ O ! heed me not, but ride away !
The Tarwood fox must die to-day ! ”

Nor fell Valentia there alone,
There too in mid career was thrown
The Huntsman—in the breastplate swung
His heels—his body earthward hung ;
With many a tug at neck and mane,
Struggling he reach'd his seat again ;
Once more upon the back of Spangle,
His head and heels at proper angle,
(Poor Spangle in a piteous plight,)
He look'd around him, bolt upright,
Nor near nor far could succour see,—
Where can the faithless Juliet be ?
He would have given half his wage

Just then to see her on the stage ;
The pack those meads by Ifis bound
Had reach'd ere Jem his Juliet found ;
Well thence with such a prompter's aid,
Till Reynard's death her part she play'd.

There Isaac from the chace withdrew,
(A horse is Isaac, not a Jew,)
Outstretch'd his legs, and shook his back,
Right glad to be reliev'd of Jack ;
And Jack, right glad his back to quit,
Gave Beatrice a benefit.

Moisture and mud the "Fungus" suit,
In boggy ditch he, taking root,
For minutes ten or thereabout,
Stood planted, till they pluck'd him out.
By application of spur rowel
Charles rubb'd him dry without a towel.

Say, as the pack by Kelmscote sped,
Say who those horsemen cloth'd in red ?
Spectators of the chace below,
Themselves no sign of movement show ;
No wonder—they were all aghast
To see the pace at which it past ;
The "White Horse Vale"—well known to Fame
The pack to which it gives a name ;

And there they stood as if spell bound,
Their morning fox as yet unfound ;
Borne from that wood, their huntsman's cheer
Drew many a Tarwood straggler near,
And he who felt the pace too hot,
There gladly sought a resting spot ;
Himself of that White Horse availing,
When conscious that his own was failing.

Thus ships, when they no more can bide
The fury of the wind and tide,
If chance some tranquil port they spy,
Where vessels safely shelter'd lie,
There seek a refuge from the gale,
Cast anchor, and let down the sail.

The speed of horse, the pluck of man,
They needed both, who led the van ;
This Holmes can tell, who through the day
Was ever foremost in the fray ;
And Holloway, with best intent,
Still shivering timber as he went ;
And Williams, clinging to the pack
As if the League were at his back ;
And Tollit, ready still to sell
The nag that carried him so well.

A pretty fight at first to see
Young Pretyman on Modesty !

But Pretymán went on so fast,
That Modesty took fright at last ;
So bent was she to shun disgrace,
That in the brook she hid her face ;
So bashful, that to drag her out
They fetch'd a team and tackle stout.

When younger men of lighter weight
Some tale of future sport relate,
Let Whippy show the brush he won,
And tell them of the Tarwood run ;
While Rival's portrait, on the wall,
Shall oft to memory recall
The gallant fox, the burning scent,
The leaps they leapt, the pace they went ;
How *Whimsy* led the pack at first,
When Reynard from the woodside burst ;
How *Pamela*, a puppy hound,
First seiz'd him, struggling on the ground ;
How *Prudence* shunn'd the taint of hare,
Taught young in life to have a care ;
How *Alderman*, a foxhound staunch,
Worked well upon an empty paunch ;
How Squires were, following thee, upset,
Right honourable *Baronet* ;
How, as the pack by Lechlade flew,
Where close and thick the fences grew,
Three Bitches led the tuneful throng,

All worthy of a place in song;
 Old *Fairplay*, ne'er at skirting caught,
 And *Pensive* speeding quick as thought;
 While *Handsome* prov'd the adage true,
 They handsome are that handsome do!

Then long may courteous Redesdale live!
 And oft his pack such gallops give!
 Should fox again so stoutly run,
 May I be there and see the fun!
 1845.

A "Meet" at the Hall, and a "Find"
in the Wood.

I.

THE wind in the south, and the first faint
 blushes

Of morn amid clouds dispers'd,
 As a stream in its strength through a floodgate
 rushes,

The hounds from their kennel burst.

II.

The huntsman is up on his favourite bay,
 The whips are all astride,
 Leisurely trotting their onward way
 To the distant cover side.

III.

Sweetly the blackbird, and sweetly the thrush,
Greeting them, seem to say,
In the chorus that rings from each hawthorn bush,
"Good sport to the pack to-day."

IV.

Lads from the village now after them race,
Asking with eager shout,
And ruddy with joy at the thoughts of a chase,
"Where do the hounds turn out?"

V.

Now masking the slope with its dusky screen,
A wood in front appears,
And a Hall high-gabled the glittering sheen
Of its vane-deck'd turret rears.

VI.

The chimney-shafts, wreathed with smoke, be-
token
Full many a guest within,
While words of welcome in honesty spoken
The heart of each stranger win.

VII.

A white hand unlatches her casement bar ;
A murmur of joy resounds :

They're coming! they're coming! see, yonder
they are!

They're coming! the hounds! the hounds!

VIII.

A cloud, so it seem'd, might have dropp'd from
the sky

When the sun was in the west,
To clothe with a mantle of crimson dye
The lawn by those riders prest.

IX.

Steadily, steadily, to and fro,
Old hunters pace the ground;
Heads high in air the young ones throw,
Pawing and plunging round.

X.

See! to unkennel a noisier pack,
The school-gate open flung,
By the desk-weary pedant, whose heart leaps back
To the day when himself was young.

XI.

Drest in the pride of her Sunday array,
The hufwife stands aloof,
Timidly plucking her child away
From the lunge of uplifted hoof.

XII.

Curb'd for that hand which the casement unbarr'd,
To the porch is a palfrey led,
The trim gravel court by the prancing scarr'd
Of his proud and impatient tread ;

XIII.

A fair-hair'd youth to the portal flew,
And stood by her bridle-rein ;
He lifts her light foot to the stirrup-shoe,
And they follow the hunting-train.

XIV.

His saddle-bow hung with a silver horn,
All eyes on the master gaze,
Lord of the hunting-field ! monarch, this morn,
Of all that he surveys !

XV.

The Huntsman has drunk to the health of the
Squire
From the depth of the leathern jack,
And lifting his cap, as the gentry admire
His well-condition'd pack,

XVI.

He speeds, with sure hope, to the cover hard by—
Streaking the greenwood now,
Red coats bright with the berries vie
That hang on the holly bough.

XVII.

Hark ! from the cover a fox halloo'd ;
The hounds to the open fly ;
Horses and men, as they crash through the wood,
Made mad by the merry cry.

XVIII.

Fainter and fainter in distance died
The tumult of the chace ;
Till silent as death was the green hill-side,
The Hall a deserted place.

XIX.

I follow them not ; the good fox they found
Sped many a mile away ;
That run was the talk of the country round
For many an after day.

XX.

The brush by that youth who had ridden hard,
Brought home in the twilight hour,
A gift for the hand which the casement unbarr'd,
Was hung in the maiden's bower.

Song.

I.

STAGS in the forest lie, hares in the valley-o!
 Web-footed otters are spear'd in the lochs;
 Beasts of the chace that are not worth a Tally-ho!
 All are surpass'd by the gorse-cover fox!

Fishing, though pleasant,
 I sing not at present,
 Nor shooting the pheasant,
 Nor fighting of cocks;
 Song shall declare a way
 How to drive care away,
 Pain and despair away,
 Hunting the fox!

II.

Bulls in gay Seville are led forth to slaughter, nor
 Dames, in high rapture, the spectacle shocks;
 Brighter in Britain the charms of each daughter,
 nor

Dreads the bright charmer to follow the fox.

Spain may delight in
 A sport so exciting;
 Whilst 'stead of bull-fighting
 We fatten the ox;
 Song shall declare a way, &c.

III.

England's green pastures are graz'd in security,
 Thanks to the Saxon who car'd for our flocks!
 He who reserving the sport for futurity,
 Sweeping our wolves away left us the fox.
 When joviality
 Chafes formality,
 When hospitality
 Cellars unlocks;
 Song shall declare a way
 How to drive care away,
 Pain and despair away,
 Hunting the fox!

Sport in the Highlands.

WRITTEN AT TOLLY HOUSE IN ROSS-SHIRE.

I.

UP in the morning! the river runs merrily,
 Clouds are above and the breezes blow
 cool,
 Tie the choice fly now, and casting it warily,
 Fish the dark ripple that curls o'er the pool;

Steadily play with him,
On through the spray with him,
Gaff, and away with him
 On to the shore !
Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
Sad melancholy now
 Haunts us no more !

II.

Up in the morning ! young birds in full feather
 now,
 Brood above brood on the mountain side lie ;
Setters well broken are ranging the heather now,
 Bird after bird taking wing but to die !
 Home then to number
 The grouse that encumber
 Our gillies, where slumber
 To toil gives relief.
Pastime at Tolly now,
Oh ! it is jolly now,
No melancholy now,
 Sorrow, or grief.

III.

Up ! up ! at peep-o-day, clad for a tuffle now !—
 Keen eyes have mark'd the wild hart on the
 hill ;

Toil for the stalker!—wind, sinew and muscle,
now

All will be needed, ere testing his skill!

Gillies now frolicking,

Roaring and rollicking,

Hey! for a grollocking,—

Rip up the deer,

Pastime at Tolly now,

Oh! it is jolly now,

No melancholy now

Haunteth us here.

IV.

Up! up! at peep-o-day; what may your pleasure
be?

Black-cock or ptarmigan, roebuck or hare?

Bright with delight let each moment of leisure be,

Left in the lowlands, a fig for dull care!

Wood, stream, and heather now,

Yielding together now,

Sport for all weather now,—

Up in the morn!

Pastime at Tolly now,

Oh! it is jolly now,

Sad melancholy, now

Laugh her to scorn!

“Importation of Vermin.”

“A STEAM ship arrived yesterday from Boulogne with a cage of live foxes, consigned to order.”—*Daily News*, Feb. 1st, 1848, at which time there was much talk of the possibility of a French invasion.

I.

“IMPORTED Vermin:”—say, thou scribbler,
when

Those fiercer vermin on our coast alight,
Who bark with drumstick and with bayonet bite,
As daily threat thy brethren of the pen;
When England summons her true-hearted men,
(Whether invader to the chace invite
With foes or foxes, putting both to flight,)
Say, of these twain which best will serve her then.

The joyous hunter, he who cheers the pack,
His fleet steed urging over vale and hill,
Who shuns no hardship and who knows no fear,

Or he, who bending o’er the desk his back,
In gas-lit office drives the flippant quill,
And talks of “vermin imports” with a sneer?

Bowmeeting Song.

ARLEY HALL, SEPTEMBER 4, 1851.

I.

THE tent is pitch'd, the target rear'd, the
 ground is measured out,
 For the weak arm sixty paces, and one hundred
 for the stout !
 Come, gather ye together then, the youthful and
 the fair,
 And poet's lay, to future day, the victor shall
 declare !

II.

Let busy fingers lay aside the needle and the thread,
 To prick the golden canvas with a pointed arrow-
 head ;
 Ye sportsmen quit the stubble, quit, ye fishermen,
 the stream,
 Fame and glory stand before you, brilliant eyes
 around you beam.

III.

All honour to the long-bow which many a battle
 won,
 Ere powder blaz'd and bullet flew, from arquebus
 or gun ;

All honour to the long-bow, which merry men of
yore,
With hound and horn at early morn, in greenwood
forest bore.

IV.

O ! famous is the archer's sport, 'twas honour'd
long ago,
The God of Love, the God of Wit, bore both of
them a bow ;
Love laughs to-day in beauty's eye and blushes on
her cheek,
And wit is heard in every word, that merry
archers speak ;

V.

The archer's heart, though, like his bow, a tough
and sturdy thing,
Is pliant still and yielding, when affection pulls
the string ;
All his words and all his actions are like arrows,
pointed well
To hit that golden centre, where true love and
friendship dwell.

VI.

They tell us in that outline which the lips of
beauty show,
How Cupid found a model for his heart-subduing
bow ;

The arrows in his quiver are the glances from her
 eye,
 A feather from love's wing it is, that makes the
 arrow fly!

Farmer Dobbin.

A DAY WI' THE CHESHUR FOX DUGS.

I.

“O ULD mon, it's welly milkin toim, where
 ever 'aft 'ee bin?

Thear's slutch upo' thoi coat, oi see, and blood
 upo' thoi chin;”

“Oiv bin to see the gentlefolk o' Cheshur roid a
 run;

Owd wench! oiv been a hunting, an oiv seen
 some rattling fun.

II.

“Th' owd mare was i' the smithy when the
 huntsman, he trots through,

Black Bill agate o' ammering the laft nail in her
 shoe;

The curver laid so wheam loik, an so jovial foin
 the day,

Says I, ‘Owd mare, we'll tak a fling and see 'em
 go away.’

III.

“ When up, an oi’d got fhut ov aw the hackney
pads an traps,
Orfe dealers an orfe jockey lads, and fuch loik
fwaggering chaps,
Then what a power o’ gentlefolk did I fet oies
upon !
A reining in their hunters, aw blood orfes every
one !

IV.

“ They’d aw got bookskin leathers on, a fitten
’em fo toight,
As roind an plump as turmits be, an juft about
as whoit ;
Their fpurs wor maid o’ filler, and their buttons
maid o’ brafs,
Their coats wor red as carrots an their collurs
green as grafs.

V.

“ A varment looking gemman on a woiry tit I
feed,
An another clofe befoid him, fitting noble on his
fteed ;
They ca’ them both owd codgers, but as frefh as
paint they look,
John Glegg, Efquoir, o’ Withington, an bowd
Sir Richard Brooke.

VI.

“I feed Squoir Geffrey Shakerley, the best un o’
that breed,
His smoiling feace tould plainly how the sport wi’
him agreed ;
I feed the ’Arl ov Grosvenor, a loikly lad to roid,
I feed a foight worth aw the rest, his farencly
young broid.

VII.

“Zur Umferry de Trafford an the Squoir ov
Arley Haw,
His pocket full o’ rigmarole, a rhoiming on ’em
aw ;
Two Members for the Cointy, both aloik ca’d
Egerton ;—
Squoir Henry Brooks and Tummus Brooks,
they’d aw green collurs on.

VIII.

“Eh ! what a mon be Dixon John, ov Aftle
Haw, Esquoir,
You wudna foind, and measure him, his marrow
in the fhoir ;
Squoir Wilbraham o’ the Forest, death and danger
he defoies,
When his coat be toightly button’d up, and shut
be both his oies.

IX.

“The Honorable Lazzles, who from forrin parts
be cum,
An a chip of owd Lord Delamere, the Honorable
Tum ;
Squoir Fox an Booth an Worthington, Squoir
Massey an Squoir Harne,
An many more big sportsmen, but their neames
I didna larn.

X.

“I feed that great commander in the saddle,
Captain Whoit,
An the pack as thrung’d about him was indeed a
gradely foight ;
The dugs look’d foin as fatin, an himsel look’d
hard as nails,
An he giv the swells a caution not to roid upo’
their tails.

XI.

“Says he, ‘Young men o’ Moncheester an
Livverpoo, cum near,
Oiv just a word, a warning word, to whisper in
your ear,
When, starting from the cuvver foid, ye see bowd
Reynard burst,
We canna ’ave no ’unting if the gemmen go it
first.’

XII.

“ Tom Rance has got a sngle oie, wurth many
another’s two,
He held his cap abuv his yed to show he’d had a
view ;
Tom’s voice was loik th’ owd raven’s when he
fkroik’d out ‘ Tally-ho ! ’
For when the fox had seen Tom’s feace he thocht
it toim to go.

XIII.

“ Ey moy ! a pratty jingle then went ringin through
the fkoy,
Furst Victory, then Villager begun the merry
croy,
Then every maith was open from the oud’un to
the pup,
An aw the pack together took the swellin chorus
up.

XIV.

“ Eh moy ! a pratty fkouver then was kick’d up
in the vale,
They skim’d acrofs the running brook, they topp’d
the post an rail,
They didna stop for razzur cop, but play’d at
touch an go,
An them as mis’d a footin there lay doubled up
below.

xv.

“I feed the ’ounds a crossing Farmer Flareup’s
boundary loin,
Whose daughter plays the peany an drinks whoit
sherry woin,
Gowd rings upon her finger and filk stockings on
her feet ;
Says I, ‘it won’t do him no harm to roid across
his wheat.’

xvi.

“So, toightly houdin on by’th yed, I hits th’owd
mare a whop,
Hoo plumps into the middle o’ the wheatfield neck
an crop ;
And when hoo floinder’d out on it I catch’d another
spin,
An, missis, that’s the cagion o’ the blood upo’ my
chin.

xvii.

“I never ofs’d another lep, but kep the lane, an
then
In twenty minutes’ toim about they turn’d toart
me agen ;
The fox was foinly daggled, an the tits aw out
o’ breath,
When they kilt him in the open, an owd Dobbin
feed the death.

XVIII.

“Loik dangling of a babby, then the Huntsman
 hove him up,
 The dugs a bayin roind him, while the gemman
 croid, ‘Whoo-hup!’
 As doesome cawves lick fleetings out o’ th’ piggin
 in the shed,
 They worried every inch of him, aw but his tail
 an yed.

XIX.

“Now, missis, fin the markets be a doing moderate
 well,
 Oiv welly maid my moind up just to buoy a nag
 mysel;
 For to keep a farmer’s spirits up ’gen things be
 gettin low,
 Theer’s nothin loik Fox-huntin and a rattling
 Tally-ho!”

1853.

The Blooming Evergreen.

I.

ERE the adventurers, nicknamed Plantagenet,
 Buckled the helm on, their foes to dismay,
 They pluck’d a broom-sprig which they wore as
 a badge in it,
 Meaning thereby they would sweep them away.

Long the genista shall flourish in story,
Green as the laurels their chivalry won ;
As the broom-sprig excited those heroes to glory,
May the gorse-plant encourage our foxes to
run.

II.

Held by Diana in due estimation,
Bedeck with a gorse-flower the goddess's shrine ;
Throughout the wide range of this blooming
creation,
It has but one rival, and that one the vine.
Pluck me then, Bacchus, a cluster and, squeezing
it,
Pour the red juice till the goblet o'erflows ;
Then in the joy of my heart, will I, seizing it,
Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

Cheshire Jumpers.

I.

I ASK'D in much amazement, as I took my
morning ride,
“What means this monster meeting, that collects
at Highwayside ?
Who are ye ? and what strange event this gather-
ing crowd excites ?
Are ye scarlet men of Babylon, or mounted Mor-
monites ?”

II.

A bearded man on horseback answered blandly
with a smile,—
“ Good Sir, no Canters are we, though we canter
many a mile ;
Nor will you find a Ranter here amongst our
merry crew,
Though if you seek a Roarer, there may chance
be one or two.

III.

“ With Shakers and with Quakers no connection
Sir, have we ;
We are not Plymouth Brothers, Cheshire Jumpers
though we be ;
'Tis mine between two champions bold to judge,
if judge I can,
And settle which, o'er hedge and ditch, will prove
the better man.

IV.

“ Mark well these two conditions, he who falls
upon the field,
Or he whose horse refuses twice, the victory must
yield.”
As thus he spake he strok'd his beard, and bade
the champions go ;
His beard was black as charcoal, but their faces
white as snow.

V.

The ladies wave their kerchiefs as the rival
jumpers start,
A smile of such encouragement might nerve the
faintest heart ;
The crowd that follow'd after with good wishes
cheer'd them on,
Some cried, " Stick to it, Thomas ; " others
shouted, " Go it, John ! "

VI.

Awake to competition, and alive to any game,
From Manchester and Liverpool the speculators
came ;
They calculated nicely every chance of loss or
gain ;
Some stak'd their cash on cotton, some preferr'd
the sugar-cane.

VII.

Bold Thomas took precedence, as a proper man
to lead,
And straightway at a hedgerow cop he drove his
gallant steed ;
He's off—he's on—he's over—is bold Thomas in
his feat ?
Yes, the rider's in his saddle, and the horse is on
his feet !

VIII.

Make way for John ! the Leicester Don ! John
clear'd it far and wide,
And scornfully he smil'd on it when landed t'other
side ;
The prelude thus accomplish'd without loss of
life or limb,
John's backers, much embolden'd, offer two to
one on him.

IX.

Now John led off ; the choice again was fix'd
upon a cop,
A rotten ditch in front of it, a rail upon the top ;
While shouts of " Bono Johnny ! " to the echoing
hills were sent,
He wink'd his eye, and at it, and right over it he
went.

X.

Hold him lightly, Thomas, lightly, give him
freedom ere he bound,
Why shape your course with so much force, to
run yourself aground ?
Thus against a Russian rampart goes a British
cannon ball :
Were Thomas at Sebastopol, how speedily 'twould
fall

XI.

Would you gain that proud pre-eminence on
which your rival stands,
Upraise your voice, uprouse your horse, but slacken
both your hands ;
'Tis vain, 'tis vain, his steed again stands planted
in the ditch,
The game is o'er, he tries no more, who makes a
second hitch.

XII.

Thus, unlike the wars of Lancaster and York,
in days of yore,
The Chester strife with Leicester unexpectedly
was o'er ;
We else had learnt which method best insures us
from a fall,
The Chester on-and-off step, or the Leicester,
clearing all ?

XIII.

Whether breeches white, or breeches brown, the
more adhesive be,
And which the more effective spur, Champagne
or Eau-de-vie ?
These, alas ! and other problems which their pro-
gress had reveal'd,
Remain unsettled questions for the future hunting
field.

XIV.

One lesson learn, young ladies all, who came to
 see the show,
 Remember, in the race of life, once only to say
 "No;"
 This moral, for your warning, to my ditty I
 attach,
 May ye ne'er by two refusals altogether lose a
 match!

1854.

Tarporley Hunt Song.

I.

THE Eagle won Jupiter's favour,
 The Sparrow to Venus was dear,
 The Owl of Minerva, though graver,
 We want not its gravity here;
 The Swallow flies fast, but remember
 The Swallow with Summer is gone,
 What bird is there left in November
 To rival the Tarporley Swan?

II.

Though scarlet in colour our clothing,
 Our collars though green in their hue,
 The red cap of liberty loathing,
 Each man is at heart a True Blue;

TARPORLEY HUNT SONG. 101

Through life 'tis our sworn resolution,
To stick to the pig-skin and throne;
We are all for a good constitution,
Each man taking care of his own.

III.

Though the Sailor, who rides on the ocean,
With cheers may encounter the foe;
Wind and steam, what are they to horse motion?
Sea cheers, to a land Tally ho?
The canvas, the screw, and the paddle
The speed of a thorough-bred lack,
When fast in the fox-hunting saddle,
We gallop astern of the pack.

IV.

Quæsitum, that standard of merit,
Where each his true level may know,
Checks pride in the haughty of spirit,
Emboldens the timid and slow;
The liquor that sparkles before us,
The dumb when they drink it can speak,
While the deaf in the roar of our chorus
A cure for their malady seek.

V.

Forget not that other Red Jacket,
Turn'd up with green laurel and bay!
The tri-colour'd banners that back it!
The might of their mingled array!

Forget not the deeds that unite 'em
 As comrades, though rivals in fame ;
 But fill to the brim that quæsitum
 Which Friendship and Chivalry claim.
 1855.

*A Remonstrance on Lord Stanley's Suggestion
 that the Session of Parliament should be
 held during the Winter Months.*

J OY ! when November bids our sport begin,
 When ringing echoes through the vale re-
 found,
 When light of heart we to the saddle bound,
 And health and pleasure from the pastime win.
 These must I barter for the Senate's din ?
 Forego the music of the tuneful hound
 For midnight rant in adverse clamour drown'd ?
 Lay by the whip to be myself whipp'd in ?
 Debaters ! listen, while the Chace propounds
 Her precepts—words too many work delay ;
 Your babblers draft, as we our tonguey hounds ;
 Rate without mercy those who riot run ;
 Let those speak only who have aught to say,
 Speak to the point, and stop when they have
 done.

1855.

Highwayside.

A FAVOURITE FIXTURE DURING THE
CHESHIRE DIFFICULTY.

I.

RARE luck for the Cheshire, warn'd out
from the field,
That the Highway such endless diversion can
yield ;
That the Huntsman can still with no covers to
draw,
Blow his horn on the road without breaking the
law.

II.

'Twixt highways and byeways still ringing the
change,
From gravel and sand to McAdam they range ;
When quite on the pavé their gallop restrain,
And a jogtrot enjoy down a hard Cheshire lane.

III.

Steeds good in dirt, let the feather-weights urge
Slapdash through the mud that encumbers the
verge,

Let heavy ones follow the track of the 'Bus,
Shouting, *Ibis in medio tutissimus*.

IV.

They may jump on and off o'er the broken stone
heap,
In triangular fenders find timber to leap,
The towing path too may afford them a run
Just to keep the game going and vary the fun.

V.

No alarm the most timid old gentleman feels,
Babes may perambulate, hunting on wheels ;
Dyspepsy and gout the amusement may share,
So go it, ye cripples ! and take a Bath chair.

VI.

The use of the milestone, now coaching is done,
Is to measure exactly the length of a run ;
While each tap on the road they alternately try,
Till Tom sees two double with only one eye.

VII.

With such sport has this mud-larking lately
supplied 'em,
The Huntsman has call'd his crack horse
Rodum-Sidum,

Who dare say these hounds have had nothing to do,
Highwayside for their fixture the whole season
through?

1856.

Count Warnoff.

I.

WHEN the war with our Muscovite foemen
was o'er,
Then the *Offs* and the *Koffs* came to visit our
shore;
Their hard and stern features your heart would
appal,
But the face of Count Warnoff was sternest of all;
A terrible man was Count Warnoff!
As cold as the snow
That envelopes *Moscow*
Was the heart of this horrid Count Warnoff!

II.

Woe! woe! to the sport of the fox-hunting
Squire
When the Count set his foot in this peaceable
shire!
So clean his own hands, his own morals so strict,
A hole in each Redcoat he presently pick'd;

Such a virtuous man was Count Warnoff;
Without speck of dirt
You must ride with clean skirt
If the wrath you'd avert of Count Warnoff!

III.

The Count could not tolerate foible or folly,
He never made love, and he never got jolly;
He vow'd that fox-hunting he'd have at no price
Unless horses and men were alike free from
vice;

Such a virtuous man was Count Warnoff!
We must all be good boys
Or farewell to the joys
Of the chace, if we nettle Count Warnoff!

IV.

Low whisper'd the huntsman (lest mischief befall
him),

"I don't like the look of that Count What-d'ye-
call him?"

Tom wink'd his blind eye as he lifted his cap,
"He's a rum 'un, sir, ain't he, that Muscovy
chap?"

Such a terrible bugbear was Warnoff!
Not a brush, nor a pad
In the shire could be had,
Such a terrible bugbear was Warnoff!

V.

He lock'd all the gates and he wir'd all the gaps,
And the woods were all planted with spikes and
steel traps ;
No more the earth-stoppers were dragg'd their
warm beds off,
The nags in the stable stood eating their heads
off ;
Such a terrible man was Count Warnoff !
Little children grew pale
As their nurse told the tale
Of this terrible ogre, Count Warnoff !

VI.

Cheer up, my good fellows, Count Warnoff is
gone !
Gone back to the banks of the Volga and Don ;
He may warn us, and welcome, from off his own
snow,
From the land where no fox-hunter wishes to go ;
But to bother our pack
May he never come back
To this peaceable county, Count Warnoff !

Le Gros-Veneur.

SUNG AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT MEETING,
NOVEMBER, 1858.

I.

A MIGHTY great hunter in deed and in name
To our shire long ago with the Conqueror
came ;

A hunting he went with his bugle and bow,
And he shouted in Normandy-French "Tally-
Ho !"

*The man we now place at the head of our Chace
Can his pedigree trace from Le Gros-Veneur !*

II.

'Tis a maxim by fox-hunters well understood,
That in horses and hounds there is nothing like
blood ;

So the chief who the fame of our kennel maintains
Should be born with the purest of blood in his
veins !

*The man we now place at the head of our Chace
Can his pedigree trace from Le Gros-Veneur !*

III.

Old and young with delight shall the Gros-
Veneur greet,

The field once again in good fellowship meet,

The shire with one voice shall re-echo our choice,
And again the old pastime all Cheshire rejoice !

*May the sport we ensure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chace be Le Gros-Veneur !*

IV.

Though no more, as of yore, a long-bow at his
back,

Now a Gros-Veneur guides us and governs our
pack ;

Again let each earth-stopper rise from his bed,
This year they shall all be well fee'd and well fed.

*May the sport we ensure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chace be Le Gros-Veneur !*

V.

Let Geoffrey with smiles and with shillings restore
Good humour when housewives their poultry
deplore,

Well pleas'd, for each goose on which Reynard
has prey'd

To find in their pockets a golden egg laid !

*May the sport we ensure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chace be Le Gros-Veneur !*

VI.

Should our Chief with the toil of the senate grow
pale,

The elixir of life is a ride o'er the vale ;

There, of health, says the song, he shall gain a new
stock

“Till his pulse beats the seconds as true as a
clock.”

*May the sport we ensure many seasons endure,
And the Chief of our Chace be Le Gros-Veneur!*

VII.

I defy Norman-dy now to send a Chasseur
Who can ride alongside of our own Gros-Veneur!
And, couching my lance, I will challenge all
France

To outvie the bright eye of the LADY CONSTANCE!

*Long, long, may she grace with her presence
our Chace,*

The Bride and the Pride of Le Gros-Veneur!

The Keeper.

I.

RUFUS KNOX, his lordship's keeper, is a
formidable chap,

So at least think all who listen to his swagger at
the tap;

Ain't he up to poachers? ain't he down upon 'em
too?

This very night he'd face and fight a dozen of
the crew.

II.

With the Squire who hunts the country he is ever
in disgrace,
For "Vulpicide" is written in red letters on his
face;
His oath that in one cover he a brace of foxes
saw,
Is the never-failing prelude that foretokens a
blank draw.

III.

The mousing owl he spares not, flitting through
the twilight dim,
The beak it wears, it is, he swears, too hook'd a
one for him;
In every woodland songster he suspects a secret
foe,
His ear no music toucheth, save the roosting
pheasant's crow.

IV.

His stoppers and his beaters, for the battue day
array'd,
Behold him in his glory at the head of the brigade;
That day on which a twelvemonth's toil trium-
phantly is crown'd,
That day to him the pivot upon which the year
turns round.

V.

There is a spot where birds are shot by fifties as
 they fly,
 If envious of that station you must tip him on the
 fly;
 Conspicuous on the slaughter card if foremost you
 would be,
 That place like other places must be purchas'd
 with a fee.

A Railway Accident with the Cheshire.

FEBRUARY 5TH, 1859.

I.

BY the side of Poole cover last Saturday stood
 A hundred good horses, both cocktail and
 blood;
 Nor long stood they idle, three deep in array,
 Ere Reynard by Edwards was hollo'd away.

II.

Away! over meadow, away! over plough,
 Away! down the dingle, away! up the brow!
 "If you like not that fence, sir, get out of the
 way,
 If one minute you lose you may lose the whole
 day."

III.

Away ! through the evergreens,—laurel and box,
They may screen a cock-robin but not a run fox ;
As he pass'd the henroost at the Rookery Hall,
“Excuse me,” said pug, “I have no time to call.”

IV.

The rail to our left and the river in front
Into two rival parties now sever'd the hunt ;
I will tell by-and-by which were right and which
wrong,
Meanwhile let us follow the fox with our song.

V.

Away ! to the Weaver, whose banks are soft sand,
“Look out, boys, ahead, there's a horse-bridge
at hand.”
One by one the frail plank we cross'd cautiously
o'er,
I had time just to count that we number'd a score.

VI.

Though fast fox and hounds, there were men, by
my troth,
Whose ambition it was to go faster than both ;
If that grey in the skurry escap'd a disaster,
Little thanks the good animal ow'd to its master.

VII.

Now Hornby went crashing through bullfinch
and rail
With Brancker beside him on Murray's rat tail;
Two green collars only were seen in this flight,
Squire Warburton one, and the other John
White.

VIII.

Where was Massey, who found us the fox that
we run?
Where Philip the father? where Philip the son?
Where was Grosvenor our Guide? where was
bold Shrewsbrie?
We had with us one *Earle*, how I wish we'd
had three!

IX.

Where Talbot? where Lyon? though failing away
They were both sadly out of their bearings that
day;
Where Lascelles, De Trafford, Brooke, Corbet
and Court?
They must take return tickets if bent upon sport.

X.

Sailors, railers and tailors! what can you now do?
If you hope to nick in, the next station is Crewe;

Second-clafs well dispers'd, it was only clafs firft
Which, escaping the boiler, came in for the burft!

XI.

Away ! with red rowel, away ! with flack rein
For twenty-five minutes to Wistafton Lane,
Where a check gave relief both to rider and horfe,
Where again the split field re-united its force.

XII.

From that point we turn'd back and continued
our chace
To the gorse where we found, but more sober
the pace ;
Reynard, skirting Poole Hall, trying sand-earth
and drain,
Was at length by the pack, who deserv'd him,
o'erta'en.

XIII.

While they worry their fox a fhort word I would
fay,
Of advice to thofe riders who rode the wrong
way,
Who were forc'd to put up with skim-milk for
their fun,
For the skurry had skimm'd off the cream of the
run :

XIV.

"As a coverside hack you may prudently stick
 "To the line of the rail, it is easy and quick;
 "But when fox and fast hounds on a skurry are
 bent,
 "The line you should stick to is that of the scent."

Tarporley Hunt Song.

1859.

I.

NAMES, honour'd of old, on our Club-book
 enroll'd,
 It were shame should their successors flight 'em,
 They who Horace could quote, and who first of
 all wrote
 On our Tarporley glasses "Quæsitum;"
 O, famous Quæsitum!
 Famous in story Quæsitum!
 There has pass'd very nigh a full century by
 Since our fathers first fill'd a Quæsitum.

II.

Old Bacchus so jolly, who hates melancholy,
 Our founders, how can he requite 'em?
 From the land of the vine let the best of his wine
 Be reserv'd to o'erflow the Quæsitum;

O, famous Quæsitum !

Jolly Bacchus, fill up the Quæsitum !

Whether claret or port, it must be the best sort,
If it fit be to fill a Quæsitum.

III.

The goblet, methinks, from which Jupiter drinks,
With thunder-cheer *ter repetitum*,
Since when Juno was gone he turn'd into the
Swan,

Should be chang'd for a crystal Quæsitum ;

O, famous Quæsitum !

Fit for Olympus, Quæsitum !

Cup-bearer Hebe, how happy would she be
With nectar to fill a Quæsitum.

IV.

Those who dar'd with rude eye at Diana to spy,
She unkennel'd her pack to affright 'em ;
She who smiles with delight on our banquet to-
night,

Bids us fill to the chace a Quæsitum ;

Fill, fill the Quæsitum !

To the heart-stirring chace a Quæ-
situm ;

She who sheds her bright beam upon fountain and
stream

With her smile shall make bright the Quæsitum.

v.

One bumper still let all fox-hunters fill,
'Tis a toast that will fondly excite 'em,
Since the brave can alone claim the fair as their
 own,
Let us drink to our loves a Quæsitum ;
 Fill, fill the Quæsitum !
 A glowing o'erflowing Quæsitum !
From Beauty's sweet lip he who kisses would
 sip,
With his own must first kiss the Quæsitum.

vi.

Again ere I end, all who foxes befriend,
Let a bumper thrice honour'd delight 'em,
May the forward and fast still be up at the last,
Give the slow ones another Quæsitum ;
 Fill, fill the Quæsitum !
 To good fellows all a Quæsitum !
Let him fast be or slow, each shall prove ere we
 go,
An excuse for another Quæsitum.

A "Burst" in the Ball Week.

JANUARY 19, 1860.

I.

WE had danc'd the night through,
Till the candles burnt blue,
But were all in the saddle next morn;
Once again with Tom Rance,
In broad daylight to dance
To the music of hollo and horn.

II.

We were all giddy still
With the waltz and quadrille,
When arous'd by the loud "Tallyho!"
I must tune my fast rhyme
Up to double-quick time,
For the movement was *prestissimo*.

III.

The fox by one hound
Near the Smoker was found—
As he wip'd that dog's nose with his brush,
"I don't mean to die,"
Said bold Reynard, "not I;
Nor care I for Edwards one rush."

IV.

With a fox of such pluck,
'Twas a piece of rare luck
That no ploughboy to turn him was near ;
That no farmer was there
At the gem'men to swear,
No tailor to head his career.

V.

Some, to lead off the ball,
Get away first of all,
Some linger too long at *pouffette* ;
Down the middle some go,
In the deep ditch below,
Thrown out ere they *up again* get.

VI.

One, pitch'd from his seat,
Was compell'd, with wet feet,
His heels in the gutter to cool ;
While his horse, in full swing,
Danc'd a new Highland fling,
He himself stood and danc'd a *pas seul*.

VII.

"Tell me, Edwards," said one,
When the skurry was done,
"How long were we running this rig?"

"To keep time, indeed, fir,
I little take heed, fir,
When dancing the Tallyho jig."

VIII.

But the time I can tell,
And the spot I know well,
Where the huntsman his fox overtook ;
Twenty-five minutes good,
When he reach'd Arley Wood,
Where he died on the banks of the brook.

IX.

I could name the few first
Who went best in this burst ;
I could tell how the steady ones rac'd ;
But since all were content
With the pace themselves went,
What matters it where they were plac'd ?

X.

If a live fox should run,
As that dead one has done,
O'er this country again, by good chance,
May I have my fleet bay
For a partner that day,
And be just where I was in the dance.

Farmer Newstyle and Farmer Oldstyle.

I.

“GOOD day,” said Farmer Oldstyle, taking
Newstyle by the arm ;

“I be cum to look aboit me, wilt ’ee show me o’er
thy farm ?”

Young Newstyle took his wideawake, and lighted
a cigar,

And said, “Won’t I astonish you, old-fashioned
as you are !

II.

“No doubt you have an aneroid? ere starting,
you shall see

How truly mine prognosticates what weather
there will be.”

“I aint got no such gimcrack, but I knows
there’ll be a flush

When I sees th’ oud ram tak’ shelter wi’ his tail
agen a bush.”

III.

“Allow me, first, to show you the analysis I
keep,

And the compounds to explain of this experi-
mental heap,

Where hydrogen, and nitrogen, and oxygen
abound,
To hasten germination and to fertilize the
ground."

IV.

"A pratty foight o' larning you have pil'd up of
a ruck ;
The only name it went by in my feyther's time
was muck ;
I knows not how that tool you calls a *nollyfis* may
work ;
I turns it, when it's rotten, pretty handy wi' a
fork."

V.

"A famous pen of Cotswolds ! Pafs your hand
along the back—
Fleeces fit for stuffing the Lord Chancellor's
woolfack !
For premiums e'en Inquisitor would own these
wethers *are* fit ;
If you want to purchase good 'uns you must go
to Mr. Garfit.

VI.

"Two bulls first-rate, of different breeds—the
judges all protest
Both are so super-excellent, they know not which
is best ;

Fair, could he see this Ayrshire, would with jealousy be ril'd,
That hairy one's a Welshman, and was bred by
Mr. Wild."

VII.

"Well, well, that little hairy bull he shanna be
so bad;
But what be yonder beast I hear a bellowing like
mad,
A snortin fire and smoke out?—be it some big
Roosian gun?
Or be it twenty bullocks squz together into one?"

VIII.

"My steam Factotum that, fir, doing all I have
to do—
My ploughman, and my reaper, and my jolly
thrasher, too;
Steam's yet but in its infancy, no mortal man
alive
Can tell to what perfection modern farming will
arrive."

IX.

"Steam, as yet, is but an infant"—He had
scarcely said the word
When through the tottering farmstead was a loud
explosion heard;

The engine dealing death around, destruction and
dismay ;

Though steam be but an infant, this indeed
was no child's play.

X.

The women scream'd like blazes as the blazing
hayrick burn'd,

The sucking pigs were in a crack all into crack-
ling turn'd ;

Grill'd chickens clog the hen-coop, roasted duck-
lings choke the gutter,

And turkeys round the poultry-yard on devil'd
pinions flutter.

XI.

Two feet deep in buttermilk the stoker's two
feet lie,

The cook, before she bakes it, finds a finger in
the pie ;

The labourers for their lost legs were looking
round the farm,

They could not lend a hand because they had
not got an arm.

XII.

Oldstyle, all foot from head to foot, look'd like a
big black sheep ;

Newstyle was thrown upon his own experi-
mental heap :

“That weather-glass,” said Oldstyle, “canna
be in proper fettle,
Or it might as well a tou’d us there was thunder
in the kettle.”

XIII.

“Steam is so expansive.” “Ay,” said Old-
style, “so I see ;
So expensive, as you call it, that it wunna do for
me ;
According to my notion, that’s a beast that canna
pay,
Who champs up for his morning feed a hundred
ton o’ hay.”

XIV.

Then to himself, said Oldstyle, as he homewards
quickly went,
“I’ll tak’ no farm where th’ doctor’s bill be
heavier than the rent ;
I’ve never in hot water been ; steam shanna
speed *my* plough,
I would liefer thrash my oats out by the sweat of
my own brow.

XV.

“I neether want to scald my pigs, nor toast my
cheese, not I,
Afore the butcher sticks ’em, or the factor comes
to buy ;

They shanna catch me here again to risk my
limbs and loif;
I've nought at whoam to blow me up, except it
be my woif."

*Home with the Hounds; or, the
Huntsman's Lament.*

I.

O VER-RIDDEN! over-ridden!
All along of that the check;
When the ditch that gemman slid in,
Don't I wish he'd broke his neck.
I to hunt my hounds am able,
Would the field but play me fair;
Mobb'd at Smithfield by the rabble,
Who a fox could follow there?

II.

Let the tinker ride his kettle,
Let the tailor ride his goose,
How can hounds to hunting settle
With the like o' them let loose?
What's the use on't when he scrambles
Through a run that butchers tit?
Butcher'd foxhounds for the shambles
They be neither fat nor fit.

III.

What's the use o' jockies thumping
Wi' their 'andwhips bits of blood ?
Tits by instinct shy of jumping,
For they could not if they would ;
Though the snob, who cannot guide her,
Mounts the mare as draws his trap ;
'Taint the red coat makes the rider,
Leathers, boots, nor yet the cap.

IV.

They who come their coats to show, they
Better were at home in bed ;
What of hounds and hunting know they ?
Nothing else but "go ahead ;"
At the Kennel I could train 'em,
If they would but come to school,
Two and two in couples chain 'em,
Feed on meal, and keep 'em cool.

V.

Gemmen, gemmen, shame upon 'em,
Plague my heart out worse than all,
Worse than Bowdon mobs at Dunham,
Worse than cobblers at Poole Hall ;
Spurring at a fence their clippers,
When the hounds are in the rear !
Reg'lar gemmen ! self and whippers
Tipping reg'lar once a year !

VI.

Well ! soft folder next I'll try on,
 Rating only riles a swell ;
 Mister Brancker ! Mister Lyon !
 Mister Hornby !—hope you're well ;
 'Taint the pack that I'm afraid on,
 And I likes to see you first,
 But when so much steam be laid on
 Beant you fear'd the copper'll burst ?

VII.

Rantipole, I see'd him sprawling
 Underneath a horse's hoof ;
Prudence only heerd me calling
 Just in time to keep aloof ;
Vulcan lam'd for life ! Old *Victor*
 Ne'er again will he show fight ;
Venus, sin that gelding kick'd her,
 Aint he spoilt her beauty quite ?

VIII.

Gentlemen, unto my thinking,
 Should behave themselves as sich ;
 'Tik'lar when the scent is sinking,
 And the hounds are at a hitch ;
 How my temper can I master,
 Fretted till I fume and foam ?
 I can only backwards cast, or
 Blow my horn and take 'em home.

*On hearing that "The Cheshire" were to
hunt Five Days a Week.*

"THERE'S luck in odd numbers," says Rory
O'More,

"Five days," says squire Corbet, "good sport
will ensure ;"

So, *All-fours* out of fashion, the game is now *Fives*,
But who cares what they call it while Fox-hunting
thrives ?

We are all of us Tailors in Turn.

I.

I WILL sing you a song of a fox-hunting bout,
They shall tell their own tale who to-day
were thrown out ;

For the fastest as well as the slowest of men,
Snobs or top-lawyers, alike now and then,
We are all of us tailors in turn.

II.

Says one, "From the cover I ne'er got away,
Old Quidnunc fat quoting *The Times* on his Grey,
How Lord Derby was wrong, and Lord Aber-
deen right,
And the hounds, ere he finish'd were clean out
of fight."

We are all of us tailors in turn.

III.

Says one, "When we started o'er fallow and
grafs,
I was close at the tail of the hounds, but, alas !
We came down to a drain in that black-bottom'd
fen,
O had I but been on my brook-jumper, then !"—
We are all of us tailors in turn.

IV.

"Dismounting," says one, "at a gate that was
fast,
The crowd, pushing through, knock'd me down
as it pass'd ;
My horse seized the moment to take his own fling,
Who'll again do, out hunting, a good-natured
thing !"
We are all of us tailors in turn.

V.

"Down the lane went I merrily sailing along,
Till I found," says another, "my course was all
wrong ;
I thought that his line toward the breeding-earth
lay,
But he went, I've heard since, just the opposite
way."
We are all of us tailors in turn.

VI.

From the wine-cup o'er night some were sorry
and fick,
Some skirted, some cran'd, and some rode for a
nick ;
Like whales, in the water, some flounder'd about,
Thrown off and thrown in, they were also thrown
out.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

VII.

" You will find in the field a whole ton of lost
shoes."—

A credulous blacksmith, believing the news,
Thought his fortune were made if he walk'd
o'er the ground ;—

He lost a day's work, but he ne'er a shoe found !

We are all of us tailors in turn.

VIII.

What deeds would one hero have done on his
Grey,

Who was nowhere at all on his Chestnut to-day !
All join in the laugh when a braggart is beat,
And that jest is lov'd best which is aim'd at conceit.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

IX.

Good fellows there are, unpretending and slow,
Who can ne'er be thrown out, for they ne'er
mean to go ;

But, when the run's over, these oftentimes tell
The story far better than they who went well.

We are all of us tailors in turn.

X.

How trifling a cause will oft lose us a run !
From the find to the finish how few see the fun !
A mischance, it is call'd, when we come to a
halt ;

I ne'er heard of one who confess'd it a fault,
Yet we're all of us tailors in turn.

A Word ere we Start.

I.

BOYS, to the hunting field ! though 'tis No-
vember,

The wind's in the south ;—but a word ere we
start.—

Though keenly excited, I bid you remember
That hunting's a science, and riding an art.

II.

The order of march and the due regulation
That guide us in warfare, we need in the
chace—
Huntsman and Whip, each his own proper station,
Horse, hound and fox, each his own proper
place.

III.

The fox takes precedence of all from the cover ;
The horse is an animal purposely bred
After the pack to be ridden, not *over*—
Good hounds are not rear'd to be knock'd on
the head.

IV.

Strong be your tackle, and carefully fitted,
Breast-plate and bridle, girth, stirrup, and chain;
You will need not two arms, if the mouth be well
bitted,
One hand lightly us'd will suffice for the rein.

V.

Buckskin's the only wear fit for the saddle ;
Hats for Hyde Park, but a cap for the chace ;
In tops of black leather let fishermen paddle,
The calves of a fox-hunter white ones in case.

VI.

If your horse be well bred and in blooming condition,

Both up to the country and up to your weight,
O, then give the reins to your youthful ambition,
Sit down in your saddle and keep his head
straight!

VII.

Pastime for princes!—prime sport of our nation!
Strength in their finew and bloom on their
cheek;
Health to the old, to the young recreation;
All for enjoyment the hunting-field seek.

VIII.

Eager and emulous only, not spiteful;—
Grudging no friend, though ourselves he may
beat;
Just enough danger to make sport delightful!
Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet!

Hard-riding Dick.

I.

FROM the cradle his name has been “Hard-riding Dick,”
Since the time when cock-horse he bestraddled
a stick;

Since the time when, unbreech'd, without faddle
or rein,
He kick'd the old donkey along the green lane.

II.

Dick, waisting no time o'er the classical page,
Spent his youth in the stable without any wage ;
The life of poor Dick, when he enter'd his teens,
Was to sleep in the hay-loft and breakfast on beans.

III.

Promoted at length, Dick's adventures began:—
A stripling on foot, but when mounted a man ;
Capp'd, booted, and spurr'd, his young soul was
on fire,
The day he was dubb'd "Second Whip" to the
Squire.

IV.

See, how Dick, like a dart, shoots a-head of the
pack !
How he stops, turns, and twists, rates, and rattles
them back !
The laggard exciting, controlling the rash,
He can comb down a hair with the point of his
lash.

V.

O ! show me that country which Dick cannot
cross—
Be it open or wood, be it upland or moss,

Through the fog or the sunshine, the calm or the
squall,
By day-light or star-light, or no light at all !

VI.

Like a swallow can Dick o'er the water-flood skim,
And Dick, like a duck, in the saddle can swim ;
Up the steep mountain-side like a cat he can crawl,
He can squeeze like a mouse through a hole in
the wall !

VII.

He can tame the wild young one, inspirit the old,
The restive, the runaway, handle and hold ;
Sharp steel or soft-folder, whiche'er does the trick,
It makes little matter to Hard-riding Dick.

VIII.

Bid the chief from the Desert bring hither his
mare,
To ride o'er the plain against Dick if he dare ;
Bring Cossack or Mexican, Spaniard or Gaul,
There's a Dick in our village will ride round them
all !

IX.

A whip is Dick's sceptre, a saddle Dick's throne,
And a horse is the kingdom he rules as his own ;
While grasping ambition encircles the earth,
The dominions of Dick are enclosed in a girth.

X.

Three ribs hath he broken, two legs, and one arm,
But there hangs, it is said, round his neck a life-
charm ;
Still long odds are offer'd that Dick, when he drops,
Will die, as he lived, in his breeches and tops.

Thompson's Trip to Epsom.

I.

KIND friends! delighted Thompson ! on the
night he came to town
They said : " If up to Epsom, we will call and
take you down."
Next morn, ere Boots awoke him, there was seen
at Thompson's door
The coach the ladies sat in and the satin that they
wore.

II.

Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! how could he
his bacon save,
How cut his mutton-chops up when his own he
could not shave ?
Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! " Waiter,
say we cannot wait ;"
With friends so fast his fate it was to fast upon a
fête !

III.

"We're full inside, for empties there's an empty
dicky free,"

Alas ! ere long with Thompson's heart all dicky
will it be ;

Her beaming eye who tied his veil pierc'd thro'
him like a lance,

Of what avail was such a veil to shield from such
a glance ?

IV.

Forgetting soon his breakfast spoon he takes a
spoony turn,

His heart feels hot within him like a heater in
the urn ;

A sudden flip 'twixt cup and lip to Beauty from
Bohea,

His tea no more he misses, thinks no more of
Mrs. T.

V.

A lottery they needs must have upon the Derby
day,

Fair fingers cut the tickets, so of course it was fair
play ;

My Lord, who draws the favourite, o'erwhelms
them with his thanks,

Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! so they hand
him all the blanks.

VI.

Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! it was whif-
per'd in a tone
Which meant, if words a meaning have, "How
hungry we are grown !"
Poor Thompson sigh'd as they untied the hamper,
Thompson's sigh,
Say was it for his ladie-love or for the pigeon pie ?

VII.

Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! looking
down he now surveys
The fair insiders filling their inside with mayon-
naise ;
For the luncheon stakes disqualified was Thomp-
son, they declare,
A stomach twice as empty as their own would
not be fair.

VIII.

Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! "Super-
excellent this ham."
Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! "What a
tender bit of lamb."
Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! "I prefer
the dry champagne."
Poor Thompson's had no breakfast ! "May I
trouble you again ?"

IX.

When done at last their own repast poor Thomp-
son, better late
Than never, got possession of the hamper and a
plate,
With two rejected drumsticks on a hollow dish
he drums,
And chirps are heard as dicky-bird picks up the
scatter'd crumbs.

X.

Once more at home see Thompson, in his break-
fast parlour chair,
He knew better than to quarrel with his bread
and butter there;
His wife with indignation of his aching stomach
heard,
Of the heartache which had troubled him he
never said a word.

A Modern Stable.

I.

BEHOLD the new stable his lordship has
built,
Its walls and its stalls painted, varnish'd and
gilt;

No prince in his palace, King, Sultan, or Czar,
Was e'er lodg'd in such state as these quadrupeds
are.

II.

Pitchfork and bucket, chain, buckle and rack,
Burnish'd up till they shine like the coats on their
back ;
I scarce know on which most applause to bestow,
On the gildings above or the geldings below.

III.

What I marvell'd at most, in the front of each
stall
Why a slab of blue slate should be fix'd in the
wall ?
Why a horse (and the query still puzzles my
pate)
Like a schoolboy should stand with his eyes on a
slate ?

IV.

Must the heads of our horses be cramm'd now a-
day
With learning as well as their bellies with hay ?
Must our yearlings be coach'd till their little go
won,
The trainer has taught them "to read as they
run."

*On Reading in the "Times," April 9th,
1860, a Critique on the Life
of Asheton Smith.*

THE mighty Hunter taken to his rest,
His cherish'd sport now points the critic's
 jest,
Pleas'd of a sect facetiously to tell
A "meet" their heaven and a frost their hell,
Who blindly follow, clad in coats of pink,
A beast whose nature is to run and stink;
When view'd, with shouts of frantic joy they
 greet him,
Forbearing still, when they have kill'd, to eat him,
His head enshrin'd within a crystal case,
His "brush," a relic, on their walls they place.
In mad devotion to this beast unclean,
Encountering "Bullfinches" (whate'er that
 mean)
They ride to fall and rise again forthwith,
A sect whose great high-priest was Asheton
 Smith.

Let him who laughs our noble sport to scorn,
Meet me next year at Melton or at Quorn;

Let the fast train by which his bolts are sped
 Bring down the Thunderer himself instead,
 My cover hack (not Stamford owns a finer)
 Can canter glibly like a penny-a-liner ;
 Free of my stable let him take the pick,
 Not one when mounted but can do the trick ;
 Fast as his pen can run, if he can ride,
 The foremost few will find him at their side ;
 His leader left unfinished on the shelf,
 To prove a leading article himself !

With closing daylight, when our pastime ends,
 Together dining, we will part good friends ;
 And home returning to his gas-lit court,
 His mind enlighten'd by a good day's sport,
 Of hounds and hunting some slight knowledge
 then
 Shall guide the goose-quill, when he writes again.

Tarporley Swan-Hopping.

NOVEMBER 6TH, 1862.

I.

WHEN a Swan takes to singing they say she
 will die,
 But our Tarporley Swan proves that legend a lie ;

For a hundred years past she has swung at this door,
May she swing there and sing there a thousand
years more !

II.

Rara avis in terris our Swan though not black,
Though white her own pinions and white her
own back,
Still her flock, in November full-feather'd, are seen
Resplendent in plumage of scarlet and green.

III.

Heralds say she is sprung from that White Swan
of yore
Which our Sires at Blore Heath to the battle-
field bore ;
When, *Quæsitum meritis*, loyal and true,
Their swords Cheshire men for Queen Margaret
drew.

IV.

To and fro in her flight she has travers'd the Vale,
She has lov'd on an ocean of claret to sail ;
Whate'er takes her fancy she thinks it no sin,
So her dancing-days, now she's a hundred, begin.

V.

You have heard in your youth of the Butterfly's
Ball,
How the birds and the beasts she invited them all ;

So the Tarporley Swan, not a whit less gallant,
Invites all her friends to a Soirée dansante.

VI.

Left her flock at the Ball should themselves mis-
behave,
The old Swan thus a lecture on etiquette gave :
“ Though, my sons, o’er the Vale you make light
of a fall,
Beware how you make a false step at the Ball.

VII.

“ You must all in good feather be dressed for the
night,
Let not the Swan neck-tie be tied over-tight ;
Each his partner may fan with the tip of his wing,
Patent pumps for web feet will be quite the right
thing.

VIII.

“ Expand not your pinions, ’twere folly to try,
In vain would their vastness with crinoline vie ;
Let no rude neck outstretch’d o’er the table be
seen,
Nor stand dabbling your bills in the supper tureen.

IX.

“ When you sail down the middle, or swim through
a dance,

With grace and with stateliness, Swan-like, advance,

Let your entrance, your exit no waddle disclose,
But hold all your heads up, and turn out your toes.

x.

“To the counsel convey’d in these motherly words

Give heed, and I trust you will all be good birds ;
I give you my blessing and bid you begone,
So away to the Ball with you, every one.”

Killing no Murder.

I KNOW not—search all England round,
If better Huntsman can be found,
A bolder rider or a neater,
When mounted for the field, than Peter ;
But this I know, there is not one
So bent on blood as Collison.
Hear now the doctrine he propounds,
All ye who love to follow hounds :—

Says he, “ Since first my horn was blown,
This maxim have I made my own ;
Kill if you can with sport ;—but still—
Or with it or without it,—kill.

A feather in my cap to pin,
A fresh one every brush I win !
That fox is doom'd who seeks for rest
In gorse or spinney when distressed ;
Though far and fast he may have sped,
He counts for nothing till he's dead.
I hold that Whip not worth his pay,
Who fails to keep him there at bay ;
When round and round the cover-side
The mounted mob, like madmen, ride,
Now cross him here, now head him there,
While shouts and clamour rend the air.
Spare him, the gentle folk may say,
To live and fight another day ;
Upon my coat conspicuous seen,
All know me by my collar green,
I should myself be greener still,
Were I to spare when I could kill ;
Excuse me, gentlemen, I say
My hounds have had but two to-day.

“ When April ends the hunting year,
How then should I in *Bell* appear ?
Or how my brother Huntsmen face
If short of booking fifty brace ?
There's nothing, I maintain, absurder
Than to say that killing's Murder.”

1865.

On Peter Collison's late Fall.

1868.

BAD luck betide that treacherous spot
 Where Peter's horse, though at a trot,
 Roll'd over, hurling headlong there
 A Huntsman whom we ill could spare ;
 As there he lay and gasp'd for breath,
 Unconscious quite and pale as death,
 The clinging hounds around him yell,
 And wailing moans their sorrow tell.
 Let ———, who over-rides them all,
 Take warning by our Huntsman's fall ;
 When such shall be that rider's fate
 (And his it will be soon or late),
 They o'er the downfall of their foe
 Will not upraise the voice of woe ;
 When prostrate, if the pack should greet him
 With open mouths, 'twill be to eat him.

Riding to Hounds.

No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
 Of false encountering formidable things ;
 But a true science of distinguishing

* * * * *

BEN JONSON.

AS when two dogs in furious combat close,
 The bone forgotten whence the strife arose,
 Some village cur secures the prize unseen,
 And, while the mastiffs battle, picks it clean ;
 So when two horsemen, jostling side by side,
 Heed not the pack, but at each other ride,
 More glorious still the loftier fences deem,
 And face the brook where widest flows the stream;
 One breathless steed, when spurs no more avail,
 Rolls o'er the cop, and hitches on the rail ;
 One floundering lies—to watery ditch consign'd,
 While laughing school-boy leaves them both
 behind,
 Pricks on his pony 'till the brush be won,
 And bears away the honours of the run.

Newby Ferry.

I.

THE morning was mild as a morning in
 May,
 Slingby on Saltfish was out for the day ;

Though the Ure was rain-swollen, the pack,
dashing in,
Follow'd close on the fox they had found at the
Whin.

II.

They have cross'd it full cry, but the horsemen
are stay'd,
The ford is too deep for the boldest to wade ;
So to Newby they sped, like an army dispers'd,
Hoping each in his heart to be there with the first.

III.

Lloyd, Robinson, Orvis, and Slingsby the brave,
Pressing on to that ferry to find there a grave ;
Little thought the four comrades when, rivals in
pace,
With such haste they spurr'd on that they rode a
death-race.

IV.

Orvis now cries, in a voice of despair,
"They're away far ahead, and not one of us there !
Quickly, good ferrymen, haul to the shore,
Bad luck to your craft if we catch 'em no more !"

V.

Thus shouting, old Orvis leapt down to the bank,

And with Lloyd alongside led his horse to the
plank ;
There stood they, dismounted, their hands on the
rein,
Never more to set foot in the stirrup again!

VI.

Eleven good men in the laden boat,
Eleven good steeds o'er the ferry float ;
Alas ! ere their ferrymen's task was done,
Two widows were weeping o'er father and son !

VII.

What meaneth that sudden and piercing cry
From the horsemen who stood on the bank hard by?
The shadow of death seem'd to darken the wave,
And the torrent to pause as it open'd a grave.

VIII.

Slingby is sinking—his stretch'd arm had clung
To the rein of his horse as he overboard sprung ;
The barque, overburden'd, bends down on her side,
Heels o'er, and her freight is engulf'd in the tide.

IX.

In that moment an age seem'd to intervene
Ere Vyner was first on the surface seen ;

The plank scarcely won ere his arm he extends
To reach and to rescue his sinking friends.

X.

Whips knotted fast, in the haste of despair,
Reach not the doom'd who were drowning there ;
Swimmers undauntedly breasted the wave,
Till themselves were nigh sunk in their efforts to
save.

XI.

Robinson (he who could bird-like skim
O'er fence and o'er fallow) unpractis'd to swim,
Hopeless of aid in this uttermost need,
Save in the strength of his gallant steed !

XII.

Slowly that horse from the river's bed,
Still back'd by his rider, uprais'd his head ;
But the nostrils' faint breath and the terror-glaz'd
eye
Tell how vain is all hope with its fury to vie.

XIII.

Unappall'd, who could gaze on the heart-rending
fight ?
His rider unmov'd, in the saddle upright,

Calm for one moment, and then the death scream
As down, still unseated, he sank in the stream !

XIV.

Slingsby meanwhile from the waters uprose,
Where deepest and strongest the mid-current
flows ;
Manfully stemming its onward course,
He struck for the boat with his failing force.

XV.

Then feebly one arm was uplifted, in vain
Striving to snatch at the chestnut's mane ;
For that faithful steed, through the rolling tide,
Had swum like a dog to his master's side.

XVI.

At length by the stream he can buffet no more,
Borne, bleeding and pale, to the farther shore,
There, as the Slingsbys had oft-times lain,
Lay the last of that House in his harness slain !

XVII.

Sprung from a knightly and time-honour'd race,
Pride of thy county, and chief of her chace !
Though a stranger, not less is his sorrow sincere,

Who now weeps o'er the close of thy gallant
career.

XVIII.

Let Yorkshire, while England re-echoes her wail,
Bereft of her bravest, record the sad tale,
How Slingsby of Scriven at Newby fell,
In the heat of that chace which he lov'd so well.

Hunting Song.

I.

OF all the recreations with which mortal man
is blest,
Go where he will, fox-hunting still is pleasantest
and best ;
The hunter knows no sorrow here, the cup of
life to him,
A bumper bright of fresh delight fill'd sparkling
to the brim.

Away, away we go,
With a tally, tally ho,
With a tally, tally, tally, tally, tally, tally-ho !

II.

O ! is it not—O ! is it not—a spirit-stirring sound,

The eager notes from tuneful throats that tell a
fox is found ?

O ! is it not—O ! is it not—a pleasant sight to see
The chequer'd pack, tan, white, and black, fly
scudding o'er the lea ?

Chorus.

III.

How keen their emulation in the bustle of the
burst,

When side by side the foremost ride, each struggling
to be first ;

Intent on that sweet music which in front delights
their ear,

The sobbing loud of the panting crowd they heed
not in the rear.

Chorus.

IV.

The field to all is open, whether clad in black or
red,

O'er rail and gate the feather-weight may thrust
his thorough-bred ;

While heavier men, well mounted, though not
foremost in the fray,

If quick to start and stout of heart, need not be
far away.

Chorus.

v.

And since that joy is incomplete which Beauty
 shuns to share,
 Or maid or bride, if skill'd to ride, we fondly
 welcome there;
 Where woodland hills our music fills and echo
 swells the chorus,
 Or when we fly with a scent breast high, and a
 galloping fox before us.

Chorus.

1868.

Tarporley Song.

1870.

I.

RECALLING the days of old Bluecap and
 Barry,
 Of Bedford and Gloster, George Heron and Sir
 Harry,
 A bumper to-night the Quæsitum shall carry,
Which nobody can deny.

II.

Tho' his rivals by Meynell on mutton were fed,

When the race o'er the Beacon by Bluecap was
led,
A hundred good yards was the winner ahead,
Which nobody can deny.

III.

The gentry of Cheshire, whate'er their degrees,
Stanleys or Egertons, Leycesters or Leghs,
One and all with green ribbons have garter'd
their knees,
Which nobody can deny.

IV.

Their breeches were green and their stockings
were white,
Tho' oft in queer plight they were tuck'd up at night,
Next morn they were all in their stirrups upright,
Which nobody can deny.

V.

Over grass while the youngsters were skimming
the vale,
Down the pavement away went the old ones full
fail,
Each green collar flapp'd by a powder'd pigtail,
Which nobody can deny.

VI.

When foxes were flyers and gorse covers few,
Those hounds of Sir Harry, where thickest it grew,

How they dash'd into Huxley and hustled it
through,

Which nobody can deny.

VII.

The sport they began may we still carry on,
And we forty good fellows, who meet at the Swan,
To the green collar stick, tho' our breeches are
gone,

Which nobody can deny.

VIII.

Still, whether clad in short garments or long,
With a Cotton to sing us a fox-hunting song,
And a Corbet to lead us, we cannot go wrong,

Which nobody can deny.

A Growl from the Squire of Grumbleton.

I.

I WAS born and bred a Tory,
And my prejudice is strong,
Young men, bear with me kindly,
If you think my notions wrong.

II.

I learnt them from my father,
One whose pride it was to fit,

Ere the ballot-box was thought of,
By the side of Billy Pitt.

III.

I love the gabled mansion
By my ancestors uprear'd,
Where the stranger-guest is welcome,
And the friend by time endear'd.

IV.

I love the old grey bell-tower,
And its ivy-muffled clock ;
And I love the honest Parson
As himself he loves his flock.

V.

Fresh youth I feel within me
When a morning fox is found,
And I hear the merry music
Through the ringing woods resound.

VI.

And I love, when evening closes,
And a good day's sport is o'er,
Thrice to pour into the wine-cup
Ruddy port of thirty-four.

VII.

I have told you what I love—now
Let me tell you what I hate—

That accurs'd Succession Duty
On the heir to my estate.

VIII.

Old Nelson to the Frenchman
In a voice of thunder spoke,
What would Nelson say to Gladstone
With his tax on British oak?

IX.

Hounds I hate which, shy of stooping,
Must be lifted still and cast,
Like many a fool who follows,
Far too flashy and too fast.

X.

Iron engines which have silenc'd
In the barn the thresher's flail;
Iron wires, a modern makeshift
For the honest post and rail.

XI.

Knives and blacklegs, who have elbow'd
From the Turf all honest men,
Blasted names and ruin'd houses
Fallen ne'er to rise again.

XII.

Cant and unwhipp'd swindlers—
Rant and rivalry of sect—

Pride and working wenches
In filk and fatin deck'd.

XIII.

Song from the green bough banish'd,
The voiceless woodlands still,
The sparkle of the trout stream
Foul'd and blacken'd by the mill.

XIV.

A Unionist each craftsman,
A poacher every clown,
Brawl and beerhouse in the Village,
Lust and ginshop in the Town.

XV.

Though with all thy faults, dear England,
In my heart I love thee still,
These are plague-spots on thy beauty
Which mine eyes with sorrow fill.

The Coverside Phantom.

I.

ONE morning in November,
As the village clock struck ten
Came trooping to the coverside
A field of hunting men ;

'Twas neither Quorn nor Pytchley horn
That summon'd our array ;
No ; we who met were a homely fet,
In a province far away.

II.

As there we stood, conversing,
Much amazement seiz'd the Hunt,
When, spick and span, an unknown man
Rode onwards to the front ;
All whisper'd, gazing wonderstruck,
“ Who can the stranger be ? ”
Forsooth they were, that man and mare,
A comely fight to see.

III.

The mare a faultless chestnut
As was ever strapp'd by groom ;
Nor fault could in the man be found,
Nor flaw in his costume ;
A silk cord loop'd the hunting hat,
The glove's consummate fit
No crease disturb'd, and burnish'd bright
Shone stirrup, chain, and bit.

IV.

The rider's seat was firm and neat
As rider's seat could be ;
The buckskin white was button'd tight,
And knotted at the knee ;

Above the boots' jet polish
Was a top of tender stain,
Nor brown nor white, but a mixture light,
Of rose-leaves and champagne.

V.

The heart that waistcoat buttons up
Must be a heart of steel,
As keen as the keenest rowel
On the spur that decks his heel;
We look'd the stranger over,
And we gravely shook our heads,
And we felt a sad conviction
He would cut us into shreds.

VI.

A glance I stole from my double sole
To my coat of faded red;
The scarlet which had once been there
My countenance o'erspread;
I blush'd with shame—no wonder!
So completely was the shine
By the man and mare beside me
Taken out of me and mine.

VII.

How his portrait, sketch'd for "Baily,"
Would the sporting world enchant,
By the pen of a Whyte-Melville,
Or the pencil of a Grant!

An Adonis, scarlet-coated !
A glorious field Apollo,
May we have pluck and the rare good luck,
When he leads the way, to follow !

VIII.

So intense my admiration
(What I thought I dare not say),
But I felt inclin'd in my inmost mind,
To wish for a blank day,
Left a piece of such rare metal,
So elaborately gilt,
Should expose its polish'd surface
To a scratch by being spilt.

IX.

Sad to think, should such a get-up
By a downfall come to grief ;
That a pink of such perfection
Should become a crumpled leaf !
Sad to think this bird of Paradise
Should risk its plumage bright
By encounter with a bullfinch,
Or a mudstain in its flight !

X.

But all that glitters is not gold,
However bright it seem ;
Ere long a sudden change came o'er
The spirit of my dream ;

No defeat ourselves awaited
From the man nor from his mount ;
No ground for the discomfort
We had felt on his account.

XI.

A fox was found ; the stirring found
That nerv'd us for the fray—
That hallo burst the bubble,
And the phantom scar'd away ;
We cross'd the vale o'er post and rail,
Up leaps and downward drops ;
But where, oh where, was the chestnut mare
And the man with tinted tops ?

XII.

He was not with the foremost,
As they one and all declare ;
Nor was he with the hindmost,—
He was neither here nor there ;
The last, they say, seen of him
Was in front of the first fence,
And no one e'er could track the mare,
Or spot the rider thence.

XIII.

All turquoise and enamel,
Like a watch trick'd up for show,
Though a pretty thing to look at,
Far too beautiful to go ;

He, the man at whose appearance
We had felt ourselves so small,
Was only the ninth part of one—
A tailor after all !

XIV.

His own line, when he took it,
Was by railway ticket ta'en ;
First-class, a rattling gallop,
As he homeward went by train ;
A horse-box for his hunter,
And a band-box for himself,
One was shunted into hidlands,
T'other laid upon the shelf.

XV.

He has not since been heard of,
Should we ever see him more,
He will stand, the model fox-hunter,
At Moses and Son's door ;
If not found there, I know not where,
Unless, encas'd in glass,
Both man and mare in that window flare,
Which Nicolls lights with gas.

The Ladie of the Castle of Windeck.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(ADELBERT CHAMISSO.)

I.

“FATED Horseman! onward speeding,
 Hold!—thy panting courser check;—
 Thee the Phantom Stag misleading,
 Hurrieth to the lone Windeck!”

II.

Where two towers, their strength uprearing,
 O'er a ruin'd gateway rise,
 There the quarry disappearing
 Vanish'd from the Hunter's eyes.

III.

Lone and still!—no echo sounded;
 Blaz'd the sun in noonday pride;
 Deep he drew his breath astounded,
 And his streaming forehead dried.

IV.

“Precious wine lies hid below, in
 Ruin'd cellar here, they say;
 O! that I, with cup o'erflowing,
 Might my scorching thirst allay!”

V.

Scarcely by his parch'd lip spoken
Wingèd words the wish proclaim,
Ere from arch, with ivy broken,
Forth a fair hand-maiden came.

VI.

Light of step, a glorious maiden !
Robe of shining white she wore ;
With her keys her belt was laden,
Drinking horn in hand she bore.

VII.

Precious wine, from cup o'erflowing,
With an eager mouth he quaff'd ;
Fire he felt within him glowing,
As he drain'd the magic draught.

VIII.

Eyes of deep blue, softly glancing !—
Flowing locks of golden hue !—
He with claspèd hands advancing
'Gan the Maiden's love to sue.

IX.

Fraught with strange mysterious meaning,
Pitying look she on him cast ;
Then, her form the ivy screening,
Swiftly, as she came, she past.

X.

From that hour enchanted ever,
 Spellbound to the Windeck lone,
 From that hour he slumber'd never,
 Rest, and peace, and hope unknown.

XI.

Night and day that ruin'd portal
 Pale and wan he hovers nigh,
 Though unlike to living mortal,
 Still without the power to die.

XII.

Once again the maid, appearing,
 After many a year had past,
 Prest his lip with kifs endearing,
 Broke the spell of life at last.

The Two Wizards.

GIVE ear, ye who dwell in the Tarporley
 Vale,
 While I tell you of Beeston a wonderful tale ;
 Where its crag, castle-crown'd, overhanging the
 steep,
 Noddles down like the head of an old man asleep,
 A cavern is scoop'd, though unseen by the eye,
 In the side of that rock, where it stands high and
 dry.

There has dwelt for long ages, and there dwelleth
still,

A Magician—believe it or not, as you will ;

He was there when Earl Blundevill laid the first
stone

Of those walls, now with ivy and moss overgrown ;

He was there when King Henry proclaim'd him-
self Lord,

When he belted his son with the Palatine sword ;

He to King Richard gave up this stronghold,

Therein to deposit his jewels and gold ;

He was there when the Puritans mounted the
steep,

And defied the king's troops from its garrison'd
keep ;

And there stood this Wizard to witness the fight,

When Rupert's good sword put those rebels to
flight.

For two centuries then it was left to decay,

And its walls, weather-beaten, fell piece-meal
away,

And his home grew so dull when the fighting
was o'er,

The Wizard declar'd he could live there no more ;

Till the thought cross'd his brain that to cheer
his lone days

Some playmates the power of his magic might raise.

So at sunrise one morn stepping forth from his cell,
He uplifted his wand and he mutter'd a spell,
Each wave of that wand was seen life to infuse,
And the stones that it touch'd, all became kangaroos.

He had hung round the walls of his cavern inside
The armour of those who had fought there and died ;

Transforming those plates which long rust had
worn thin,

He fitted each beast with a jacket of skin ;

Then pluck'd from each sword blade its black
leather sheath,

Which he twisted and stuck as a tail underneath.

And there, as a shepherd sits watching his flock,
Sits this kangaroo keeper a-perch on his rock,
Invisible still, but his care night and day
Is to feed them and watch lest they wander astray.
Ever anxious, he guards them more tenderly still,
When the huntsman his pack has let loose on the
hill ;

And those hounds, terror stricken, all riot eschew,
When they hear a strange voice crying, " Ware
Kangaroo ! "

To this Wizard invisible bidding farewell,
Of another I yet have a story to tell ;

No invisible sprite ! when he stands full in view,
You will own him a man, and a goodly man too.
He it is who by dint of his magical skill
Uplifted the stones from the high Stanna hill ;
Nor paus'd till those fragments, pil'd up to the sky,
Assum'd the fair form of that castle hard by ;
He brandish'd his spade, and along the hill-side
The ascent, by a roadway, made easy and wide ;
Unlike the hid portal I spoke of before,
Very plain to the eye is his wide open door ;
Where the tiles of the pavement, the stones of
the wall

Unceasingly echo a welcome to all.

There are stables where steeds stand by tens in a
row,

There are chambers above, and vast cellars below ;
Each bed in those chambers holds nightly a guest,
Each bin in that cellar is fill'd with the best.

When this Wizard wends forth from his turreted
walls,

Four horses are bitted and led from their stalls,
He mounts and looks down on a team from his
box,

All perfect in shape from their heads to their
hocks ;

The coats that they carry are burnish'd like gold,
Their fire by a touch of his finger controll'd ;

A whip for his wand, when their paces he springs,
You might fancy their shoulders were furnish'd
with wings;

Away! rough or smooth, whether up hill or down,
Through highway and byeway, through village
and town!

With that ease and that grace with which ladies
can wheedle

Stubborn silk through the eye of a delicate needle,
Through the arch with huge portal on either side
hung,

He his leaders can thrust whether restive or young;
O'er the bridge at Bate's Mill he can twist at full
speed,

Charioteering—which proves him a Wizard in-
deed.

Faint harp-strings at night o'er his castle resound;
Their tone when first heard by the country-folk
round,

They fancied (so far it surpass'd human skill)
That angels were tuning their harps on the hill;
It was strung, I knew well, by an angel inside,
The fingers that swept it were those of his bride.

Ofttimes they who deal in these magical arts
Bear hatred and malice to man in their hearts;
But to enmity ne'er was this Wizard inclin'd,

A well-dispos'd being to all human kind
To console the afflicted, the poor to befriend,
Of his magic, is still the sole object and end ;
And each cottager's prayer is, that spells, such as
these
He may long live to work in this Valley of Cheese.

On a Tame Fox,

A PARLOUR PET AT DALEFORD, THE RESIDENCE OF THE
MASTER OF THE CHESHIRE HOUNDS.

I.

SQUIRE CORBET ! at all seasons
A fox is his delight,
A wild one for the morning,
And a tame one for the night ;

II.

For the fox that scours the country
We a green gorse cover raise,
But parlour pug lies warm and snug
In a cover of green baize.

III.

Or in his chair reposing,
Or o'er the saddle bent,
Corbet, wide awake or dozing,
Is never off the scent.

IV.

He needs no kirtled housmaid,
The carpet on the stairs
Is dusted by the sweeping
Of the brush that Reynard wears.

V.

This hunting man's housekeeper,
She, without distress of nerves,
Oft amongst the currant jelly
Finds a fox in her preserves.

VI.

Bones of chicken ever picking,
This pet, so fed and nurs'd,
Though he never gave a gallop,
He may finish with a burst.

The Mare and her Master.

I.

THOUGH my sight is grown dim, though my
arm is grown weak,
Grey hairs on my forehead, and lines on my
cheek ;

Though the verdure of youth is now yellow and
fere,
I feel my heart throb when November draws
near.

II.

I could pardon the wrongs thou hast done me,
Old Time !
If thy hand would but help me the stirrup to
climb ;
The one pleasure left is to gaze on my mare,
Her with whom I lov'd best the excitement to
share.

III.

Sound wind and limb, without blemish or speck,
Her rider disabled, her owner a wreck !
Unstripp'd and unsaddled, she seems to ask why ;
Unspurr'd and unbooted, I make no reply.

IV.

Remembrance then dwells on each hard-ridden
run,
On the country we cross'd, on the laurels we won ;
Fleet limbs once extended, now cribb'd in their
stall,
They speak of past triumphs, past gallops recall.

V.

I remember, when baulk'd of our start at the find,
How we flipp'd, undismay'd, through the rabble
behind ;

No check to befriend us, still tracking the burst,
Till by dint of sheer swiftness the last became
first.

VI.

And that day I remember, when crossing the bed
Of a deep rolling river, the pack shot ahead ;
How the dandies, though cas'd in their water-
proof Peals,
Stood aghast as we stemm'd it, and stuck to their
heels.

VII.

How ere Jack with his hammer had riven
the nail,
And unhing'd the park-gate, we have skimm'd
the oak pale ;
Over bogs where the hoof of the cocktail stuck
fast,
How her foot without sinking Camilla-like pass'd.

VIII.

I remember, though warn'd by the voice of Tom
Rance—
“Have a care of that fence”—how we ventur'd
the chance ;

How we fac'd it and fell—from the depth of the
drain

How we pick'd ourselves up, and were with 'em
again.

IX.

Over meadows of water, through forests of
wood,

Over grafs-land or plough, there is nothing like
blood;

Whate'er place I coveted, thou, my good
mare,

Despite of all hindrances, landed me there.

X.

The dearest of friends I that man must account,
To whom on her saddle I proffer a mount;

And that friend shall confess that he never yet
knew,

Till he handled my pet, what a flyer could do.

XI.

Should dealers come down from the Leicester-
shire vale,

And turn with good gold thy own weight in the
scale,

Would I sell thee? not I, for a millionaire's purse!
Through life we are wedded for better for worse.

XII.

I can feed thee, and pet thee, and finger thy mane,
 Though I ne'er throw my leg o'er thy quarters
 again ;

Gold shall ne'er purchase one lock of thy hair,
 Death alone shall bereave the old man of his
 mare.

1871.

Farewell to Tarporley.

I.

TO comrades of the hunting field, tho' fad to
 say farewell,

'Tis pleasant still on olden days at Tarporley to
 dwell :

On friends for whom, alive or dead, our love is
 unimpair'd,

The mirth and the adventure and the sport that
 we have shar'd.

II.

The feelings of good fellowship which Tarporley
 unite,

The honour'd names recorded which have made
 its annals bright,

Old Charley Cholmondeley's portrait and the
fashion of our clothes,
In the days of padded neckcloths, breeches green
and filken hose.

III.

The upright form of Delamere, Sir Richard's
graceful feat,
The brothers three from Dorfold sprung whom
none of us could beat ;
The fun with which Bob Grosvenor enliven'd
every speech,
The laugh of Charley Wicksted lengthen'd out
into a screech.

IV.

The classical Quæsitum and the President's hard
chair,
Each year's succeeding Patroness whose charms
were toasted there ;
The inevitable wrangle which the Farmer's cup
provokes,
Sir Watkin cracking biscuits, and Sir Harry
cracking jokes.

V.

The match in which though Adelaide but held a
second place,
No judge was there to certify that Go-by won
the race,

The stakes withheld—the winner told jocosely by
the Hunt,
With nothing else to pocket he must pocket the
affront.

VI.

Earl Wilton ever foremost amid Leicestershire
high flyers,
Coming down from Melton Mowbray to enlighten
Cheshire Squires ;
Belgrave who unbreech'd us, and one fatal
afternoon
First cloth'd us to the ankle in the modern
pantaloon.

VII.

The foxes which from Huxley gorse have led us
many a dance,
Joe Maiden best of huntsmen, best of whips old
Tommy Rance ;
That good old soul, John Dixon, and his lengthy
draught of ale,
That mirthful day when " Little Dogs " came
home without a tail.

VIII.

The glory of that gallop which old Oulton Low
supplied,
The front-rank men of Cheshire charging onward
side by side ;

The Baron with his spurs at work in rear of the
advance,
When Britain, in the field for once, ran clean
away from France.

IX.

The find at Brindley cover and at Dorfold Hall
the kill,
The Breeches left behind us but the brush before
us still;
The fox that skim'd the Tilston cream—forget
we never shall
The score of hunting breeches that were wash'd
in that canal.

X.

And that ill-starr'd disaster when, unconscious
of the leap,
I dropp'd into the water of a marl-pit six feet
deep;
Enough to damp the keenest—but conceive the
fearful fight,
When I found that underneath me lay the body
of Jack White.

XI.

The harmony infus'd into the rhymes which I
have strung,
When first I heard the "Columbine" by James
Smith Barry sung;

While canvas the remembrance of Sir Peter shall
 prolong,
May the name of his successor be endear'd to you
 in song.

XII.

The carving of the venison when it smok'd upon
 the board,
The twinkling eye of Johnny Glegg, the chaff of
 Charley Ford ;
The opening of the oysters, and the closing of the
 eyes
In slumber deep—that balmy sleep which midnight
 cup supplies.

XIII.

Sir Humphrey and Geof. Shakerley whose friend-
 ship never fails,
Tho' long of two opinions which was heaviest in
 the scales ;
In love of sport as in their weight an even race
 they run,
So here's a health to both of them and years of
 future fun.

XIV.

Old Time, who keeps his own account, however
 well we wear,
Time whispers “to the old ones you must add
 another pair,”

FAREWELL TO TARPORLEY. 185

May Lafcelles in his chosen home long, long a
dweller be,
To Philo gorse a bumper, to Sir Philip three
times three.

XV.

Young inheritors of hunting, ye who would the
sport should last,
Think not the chace a hustling race, fit only for
the fast ;
If sport in modern phrase must be synonymous
with speed,
The good old English animal will sink into a
weed.

XVI.

Accept the wish your Laureate leaves behind him
ere we part,
That wish shall find an echo in each Cheshire
sportsman's heart,
May Time still spare one favour'd pair, tho' other
creatures fail,
The Swan that floats above us, and the Fox that
skims the Vale !

XVII.

The snobs who haunt the hunting field, and rouse
the master's ire,
The fence of fair appearance masking lines of
hidden wire ;

A straight fox mobb'd and headed by the laggards
in the lane,
A good one dug and murder'd, I have seen such
fights with pain.

XVIII.

I never kill'd save once a hound, I saw him on
his back
With deep remorse—he was, of course the best
one in the pack ;
The thought ofttime has griev'd me with a wild
fox well away,
That friends right worthy of it should have miss'd
the lucky day.

XIX.

If e'er my favourite cover unexpectedly was
blank,
Then silent and dispirited my heart within me
sank ;
But never till this moment has a tear bedimm'd
mine eye,
With sorrow such as now I feel in wishing you
Good Bye.

1872.

The Pheasant and the Fox.

A FABLE.

I.

OCTOBER strips the forest, we have pass'd
the equinox,

It is time to look about us," said the Pheasant
to the Fox;

"I cannot roost in comfort at this season of the
year,

The volleys of the battue seem to thunder in my
ear."

II.

"Time indeed it is," said Reynard, "for the
fray to be prepar'd,

For open war against us has already been declar'd;
Two cubs, last week, two hopeful cubs, the finest
out of five,

Within their mother's hearing chopp'd, were
eaten up alive.

III.

"Within our woodland shelter here, two winter
seasons through,

You and I have dwelt together in a friendship
firm and true;

Still, I own it, to my yearning heart one envious
feeling clings,
Cock-pheasant ! what I covet is the privilege of
wings.

IV.

“ To you the gift is perilous, in safety while you
run,
It is only when uprising that you tempt the
levell'd gun ;
Would that I could rid you of those wings you
rashly wear,
And plant upon my back instead, a well-propor-
tioned pair.

V.

“ Think of *Victory* defeated, as to triumph on the
sped,
Think of *Boaster*, terror-stricken, as my pinions
I outspread ;
Think of *Crafty's* baffled cunning, think of *Vul-
pecide's* despair,
Think of *Leveller's* amazement, as I mounted in
mid-air !

VI.

“ To the Huntsman, when at fault, then I jeer-
ingly would cry,
' Not gone to ground is the fox you found, but
loft in a cloudy sky ! '

Or, perch'd upon some tree-top, looking down-
wards at the group,
And, lifting to one ear a pad, would halloo there,
‘ Who whoop ! ’ ”

VII.

“ Thank you, kindly,” said the Pheasant, “ true
it is that, while I run,
No worthy mark I offer to attract the murderous
gun ;
But say, should hunger pinch you, could a Phea-
sant-cock rely
On the abstinence of friendship, if he had not
wings to fly ? ”

MORAL.

Self, Self it is that rules us all—when hounds
begin to race,
To aid a friend in grief would you resign a for-
ward place ?
When planted at the brook, o’er which your
rival’s horse has flown,
Don’t you wish the rider in it, and the rider’s
luck your own ?

The Stranger's Story.

PART I.—THE BREAKFAST.

FOUR friends, all scarlet-coated,
 Eager all to join the pack,
 At the breakfast board were seated,
 Jem and Jerry, Ned and Jack.

Giant Jem, a ponderous horseman,
 With a bull-like head and throttle,
 O'er each boot a calf expanding,
 Like a cork in soda bottle ;

Still to add Jem never scrupled,
 When the beef was on his plate,
 To the four stone he quadrupled,
 Many a pound of extra weight.

Jerry, bent on competition,
 Spread his napkin underneath,
 But the tongue's untiring motion
 Check'd the action of his teeth.

He told them what he had done
 On his chestnut and his grey,
 And when that tale was ended,
 What he meant to do to-day.

Ned was booted to perfection,
Better rider there was none,
But jealousy, when mounted,
Was the spur that prick'd him on.

To him the run was wormwood,
No enjoyment in the burst,
Unless he led the gallop,
And was foremost of the first.

Jack, who never said, like Horner,
"How good a boy am I,"
Sat listening at the corner
Of the table meek and shy;

No word he spoke, till question'd
On what horse he rode to-day?
Then modestly he answer'd,
"I have nothing but the Bay."

Breakfast over on they canter,
Till the covert-side they reach;
When you hear my story ended,
You will know the worth of each.

PART II.—THE DINNER.

At night again they gather'd
Round a board of ample fare,

And though myself a stranger guest,
They bade me welcome there.

Jem, Jerry, Ned, swashbucklers
You'd have thought by their discourse,
Each alternately extolling
First himself and then his horse.

Giant Jem, a road-abider,
One who seldom risk'd a fall,
The line the fox had taken,
He describ'd it best of all.

Told them where he cross'd the river,
Told them where he fac'd the hill,
Told them too, and thought it true,
That he himself had seen the kill.

Jerry's tongue still faster prattled
As the wine-cup wet his lips ;
Had the pack apace thus rattled,
'Twould have baffled an Eclipse.

Nought I felt would baffle Jerry,
From the find until the death,
No rate of speed would e'er succeed
To put him out of breath.

Ned was far in commendation
Of himself ahead of each,

Still there lurk'd *amari aliquid*
Beneath his flowers of speech.

Still jarr'd some note discordant,
As he blew the trumpet loud,
Still dimm'd the radiant glory
Of the day some little cloud.

At each daring deed of horsemanship
Amazement I express ;
'Mid such mighty men of valour
Which the mightiest ? who could guess ?

Till at length a tell-tale offer
Set the question quite at rest ;
Nor could I doubt which, out and out,
Of the four had seen it best.

Jack had never said, like Horner,
"How good a boy am I,"
But I saw within the corner
Of his lid a twinkle fly ;

When to Jack, though in a whisper,
Ned was overheard to say,
"If you'll take four hundred for him,
You shall have it for the Bay."

The Lovers' Quarrel.

FOR a maid fair and young to the portal was
 led,
 For her pastime one morning, a bay thorough-
 bred ;
 At once with light step to the saddle she bounds,
 Then away to the crowd which encircled the
 hounds.

'Mid the many who moved in that bustle and
 stir,
 There was one, one whose heart lay a-bleeding
 for her ;
 One who thought, tho' as yet he approach'd not
 her side,
 With what care, if need were, he would guard
 her and guide.

To and fro waves the gorse as the hounds are
 thrown in,
 'Tis a fox, and glad voices the chorus begin ;
 That maiden's keen eye, o'er the crest of her
 bay,
 Was the first to detect him when stealing away.

THE LOVERS' QUARREL. 195

As she shot through the crowd at the covert-side
gate,

“ 'Tis the same gallant fox that outfripp'd us of
late;

The darling old fox ! ” she exclaimed, with de-
light,

Then away like a dart to o’ertake the first flight.

Tho’ he took the old line, the old pace was sur-
pass’d,

(He will own a good steed, he who lives to the
last,)

Her own she press’d on without fear, for she
knew

She was mounted on one that would carry her
through.

She had kept her own place with a feeling of
pride,

When her ear caught the voice of a youth along-
side,

“ There’s a fence on ahead that no lady should
face,

Turn aside to the left—I will show you the
place.”

Women mostly, they say, love to take their own
line,

Giving thanks for advice which they mean to
decline ;

Whether women accept the advice or oppose it,
Depends, I think, much on the man who be-
stows it.

That voice seem'd to fall on her ear like a spell,
She turn'd, for she thought she could trust it right
well ;

To the field on the left they diverted their
flight—

At that moment the pack took a turn to the
right.

“ Persevere,” said the youth, “ let us gain the
beechwood,

The old fox will assuredly make his point good ;”
Knowing scarce what she did, she still press'd on
the bay,

Nor found out till too late, they were both led
astray.

Youth and maid they stood still when they reach'd
the wood-side,

Forlorn, then, the hope any further to ride ;
In despair they look round, but no movement
espy,

Not a hound to be seen either distant or nigh.

Both silent there stood they—indignant the
maid,
The youth stung with grief at the part he had
play'd ;
Still he thought, from the wreck he had made of
the day,
That some treasure of hope he might yet bear
away.

Thus the silence he broke : “ Until hunting were
done
I had hop'd, dearest maid, this avowal to shun,
Till the season were over to practise restraint,
Nor to vex you till then with a lover's com-
plaint.

But the moment is come, and the moment I
seize,
Those glances of anger let pity appease,
Leave me—leave me no longer in anguish and
doubt,
While I live you shall never again be thrown
out.”

“ Is it thus,” she exclaimed, “ that a bride can
be won?
Wretched man that you are, you have lost me
my run!

Farewell ! nor the hand of a huntress pursue,
When the whip which it grasps is deservedly
due."

Though that lover rode home the most wretched
of men,
Though that maid vow'd a vow they should ne'er
meet again,
Love laughs at the quarrels of lovers they say,
When the season was o'er, they were married in
May.

'Tis Sixty Years Since.

YOUR heart is fresh as ever, Ned,
Although your head be white ;
We must crack another bottle, Ned,
Before we say good-night ;
Our legs across the saddle
Though we fling them never more,
We may rest them on the fender
While we talk our gallops o'er."

" By you 'tis somewhat hard, Jack,
Old Grizzle to be called,
You know that head of yours, Jack,
Is altogether bald.
Still I'm good, my jolly fellow,

For another flask of port,
In memory of those merry days
When fox-hunting was sport."

"How forely, Ned, our Eton odes
Tormented those who scann'd 'em,
The traces were our longs and shorts,
Our gradus was the tandem;
Bob Davis for our tutor,
With that colt—still four years old,
Though ten since he was leader,
And ten more since he was foal'd.

"Unaw'd by impositions,
While the lecture-room we shirk'd,
At our little go in hunting
With what diligence we work'd;
When from Canterbury gateway
We spurr'd the Oxford hack,
A shilling every milestone
Till we reach'd the Bicester pack;

"Right welcome there the sport to share,
Himself so much enjoyed,
How kindly were we shaken
By the hand of old Griff Lloyd;
How we plunged into the river,
Led and cheer'd by Jersey's call:

‘ Come on ! ’ he cried, ‘ the stream is wide
And deep enough for all.’

“ How intense the admiration
Which to Heythrop’s Duke we bore,
Riding royally to covert
In his chariot-and-four ;
Cigars, as yet a novelty,
His Grace’s ire provoking,
‘ What chance to pick the scent up,
Filthy fellows ! they are smoking.’

“ The cheer of Philip Payne as he
The echoing woodlands drew,
The scarlet coats contending
With the coats of buff and blue ;
Stone walls o’er which without a hitch
The thoroughbred ones flew,
While blown and tir’d the hunter hir’d
Roll’d like a spent ball through.”

“ Well, Jack, do I remember
With what glee we sallied forth
To the fixtures of Ralph Lambton
When our home was in the North ;
How, when the day was over,
We around the Sedgefield fire,
Sang ‘ Ballinamoniora ’
In honour of the Squire.

“ And that week with old Sir Harry
Which at Tarporley we spent,
Where Chester’s dewy pastures
Are renown’d for holding scent ;
Where Dorfold’s Squire o’er saddle flaps
Unpadded threw his leg,
Where stride for stride, rode side by side,
Sir Richard and John Glegg.

“ That Rupert of the hunting-field,
Tom Smith the lion-hearted,
Where grew the fence, where flow’d the stream,
Could baffle him when started ?
A game-cock in the battle ring,
An eagle in his flight,
A shooting star when mounted,
But a fixed one in the fight.

“ Where now that manly science
Which we witness’d in the match,
When Crib by swarthy Molyneux
Was challeng’d to the scratch ?
Where now those ruddy rectors
Who the field so often led ?
Youth needs must chase the steeple
Since the parson hides his head.”

“ Though no longer what we were, Ned,
Ere the reign of good Queen Vic,

Methinks we still could teach them
How their fathers did the trick ;
I hold the young ones cheap, Ned——”
“ Hush, your son is at the door,
With his pipe of Latakia,
We had better say no more.”

The Close of the Season.

SPRING! I will give you the reason in rhyme
Why for hunting I hold it the pleasantest
time,

When the gorse 'gins to blossom, the hazel to
sprout,

When Spring flowers and Spring captains together
come out.

When with smiles and with sunshine all nature
looks gay,

When the fair one, equipped in fresh hunting
array,

No splash of mud dirt to encumber the skirt,
Though no fox should be found, may find leisure
to flirt.

When assured of success, ere the steeplechase day,
Jones writes to his tailor imploring delay,

When the silk jacket wins he will pay for the
pink,
Is the promise, when written, worth paper and
ink?

November's young fox, as yet timid and shy,
O'er a country unknown will scarce venture
to fly;
One spared through the winter to wander astray,
Leads the pack stoutly back to his home far
away.

Chill'd by checks and wrong casts, which the
scurry impede,
You may chance in December to lose a good
steed;
And what rider unvex'd can his temper restrain,
Urging home a tired hunter through darkness
and rain!

Trotting homeward in Spring on the hope we
rely
That we reach it ere dark with our hunting-coat
dry;
The horse undistress'd by the work he has
done,
The rider well pleased with his place in the
run.

This world, can it show such a picture of woe
As a frozen-out Master imprison'd in snow?
His feet on the fender he rides his arm-chair,
Even ' Baily ' avails not to soothe his despair.

Old steeds there may be, showing signs of decay,
Lagging last in the field where they once led the
way,
With the glory o'er-burthen'd of gallops bygone,
Less of spring in their action as Spring cometh
on.

Good sport with good cheer merry Christmas
may bring,
But the joy of all joys is a gallop in Spring,
By the thought, when a brook we encounter
made bold,
That the stream is less rapid, the water less cold.

When each cheer is by song of sweet birds
echoed back,
Their music a prelude to that of the pack;
When clouds soft and southerly streak the blue
sky,
When the turf is elastic and scent is breast high.

Pleasure's sweetness, says Moore, is so slow to
come forth,
That ne'er till it dies do we know half its worth;

What the joy which first welcomes the sport
when begun,
To the keenness inspired by the season's last run !

POSTSCRIPT.

Exceptions there will be, and Spring, as we know,
On her face will sometimes wear a mask of
white snow,

A note of this fact we may henceforth affix
To March eighteen hundred and seventy-six.

Such grieves us the more, since to visit our
shore

And to share in our sport, a fair Empress came
o'er ;

Still, howe'er chill and cheerless our climate
this year,

Warm hearts are not wanting to welcome her
here.

Oft again may her presence our hunting field
grace,

When Spring more invitingly smiles on the chase ;
Well indeed in that sport may all England take
pride,

Which can lure such a guest here a-hunting to
ride.

Lines

ON READING AN EXTRACT FROM THE HUNTING DIARY OF
 VERNON DELVES BROUGHTON, ESQ., SHOWING HOW AND
 WHERE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON'S HOUNDS KILLED THEIR
 GOOSEHOLME FOX ON 29TH NOVEMBER, 1872.

A FOX, by the pack sorely press'd in his
 flight,
 Reaching Marston St. Lawrence began to take
 fright ;
 In the housekeeper's room how alarming the
 crash,
 As he shot like a thunderbolt in at the sash !
 They screech'd with one voice when he first came
 in view,
 But the halloa they gave was a hullabaloo ;
 Such a dust was ne'er rais'd in that parlour
 before
 As now rais'd by the brush which was sweeping
 the floor ;
 Too late the old butler indignantly cried
 ' Not at home,' the whole pack was already
 inside ;
 Though the housewife's preserves harbour'd mice
 by the score,
 No fox until now had set foot in her store.

Array'd in her best, the last perquisite gown,
Alas ! for the lady's maid, poor Mrs. Brown,
Much distress'd by the worry, the gown which
 she wore
Like the fox torn to pieces still worried her
 more ;
The table o'erturn'd, and the teacups dispers'd,
Such a break-up before never ended a burst ;
The servants pick'd up broken platter and bowl ;
They call'd ever after that parlour Pug's hole,
And a pad, which next morning was found on
 the floor,
By the Page as a trophy was nail'd to the door.

Lines

FOR INSCRIPTION ON THE STONE INTENDED TO MARK THE
SPOT WHERE THE TWO GENTLEMEN, WHOSE BOAT WAS
UPSET ON LOCHQUOICH, WERE FORTUNATELY LANDED.

“ Mr. Allsopp and Mr. Burton, of Burton-on-Trent, have had a narrow escape from drowning. On Friday last they went out fishing on Lochquoich, the boat was upset and they were thrown into the water. Clinging to the side of the boat they were drifted ashore on M'Phee's Island, a distance of about 1,000 yards from the scene of the accident. They were much exhausted, and experienced great difficulty in wading ashore through the heavy surf.”

MALT and Hops while here afloat
Together in a fishing-boat,
On which of them to lay the fault
We know not, whether Hops or Malt ;
But though oppos'd to heavy wet,
Between them they the boat upset ;
Hops and Malt it little suited
To be to such extent diluted ;
For who would of the brew partake
When moisten'd by a whole Scotch lake !
Scarce left was any spirit more
In either, when they reach'd the shore,
Most thankful that they both had not
By this disaster gone to pot ;
The strength which bitter ale supplied
The bitterness of death defied,
Or they, by water carried here,
Had hence been carried on their *bier*.

Beyond the Tweed on fishing bent,
Or brewing on the banks of Trent,
We trust their boat may like their ale
Henceforth maintain a steady *sail*.

Epitaph

ON the Duke of Wellington's Charger, "Copenhagen," so named from the circumstance of his having been foaled in the year of that battle. He was buried at Strathfieldsaye, February, 1836.

WITH years o'erburden'd, sunk the battle
steed ;—

War's funeral honours to his dust decreed ;
A foal when Cathcart overpower'd the Dane,
And Gambier's fleet despoil'd the northern main,
'Twas his to tread the Belgian field, and bear
A mightier chief to prouder triumphs there !
Let Strathfieldsaye to wondering patriots tell
How Wellesley wept when "*Copenhagen*" fell.

Epitaph on A. B. C. by X. Y. Z.

I LAID his bones beneath the greenwood
tree,
And wept, like schoolboy, o'er my A. B. C.

*On a Thorn Tree planted over the Grave of
"Miss Miggs," a Brood Mare.*

WITH a thorn in her side the old mare we
inter,

Though alive she ne'er needed the prick of a spur.
Six colts and eight fillies the stock that she bred,
Each in turn first and foremost the hunting field
led.

This thorn if it rival the produce she foal'd,
Will be hung in due season with apples of gold ;
But whate'er fruit it bear it will not bear a *flœ*,
For no thorn save a *quick* thorn can out of her
grow.

The Roebuck at Toft.

AN OLD WAYSIDE INN REMOVED IN 1864.

ON the Mail have I travell'd times many
and oft,

Looking out for the sign of the Roebuck at
Toft ;

Or and gules was the blazonry, party per pale,
The head was attir'd like the haunches and tail,

In his muzzle an olive branch proper was stuck,
And the villagers call'd him the bloody-tail'd Buck.

The Chestnut-tree well I remember whose shade
Overhung the bright tints which the Roebuck
display'd ;

And the bench which invited the weary to rest,
And mine Host who came out with a mug of his
best !

They have fell'd the old tree, they have stopp'd
the old mail,

And alas ! the old cellar is empty of ale ;
And now from the post, where he swung high
and dry,

They have pull'd down the Roebuck—I wish I
knew why—

I dare not inquire at the Jerryshop near,
Or the man might insist on my tasting his beer.

Charade.

THE Squire, on his Grey,
Has been hunting all day,
So at night let him drown his fatigue in the
bowl ;

But ere quenching his thirst,
To get rid of my *first*,

Let him call for my *second* to bring him my
whole.

Welsh Hunting.

A MOST singular freak of a pack of hounds was witnessed at Pontypridd last week. The pack belonged to Mr. George Thomas, Ystradmynach, and were returning from the hunt, when, on coming into the town, they ran into the shop of Mr. Jenkins, grocer, and out again immediately, but with no less than seven pounds of tallow candles, which they ravenously devoured in the street.—*Court Journal*.

1869.

I.

WHERE Jenkins, in Wales,
Soap and candles retails,
The pack, in despite of their Whip,
They took up the scent,
And away they went,
Each one with a tallow dip.

II.

With a good seven pounds
These hungry hounds,
Away ! and away ! they go,
While joining the chace
Follow'd Jenkins' best pace,
Shouting "Tallow ! Tallow-Ho !"

Paraphrase by a Master of Hounds.

Si j'avance suivez moi ; si je recule
Tuez moi ; si je tombe vengez moi.

HENRI DE LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN.

FOLLOW, when I take the lead ;
Pass me, when I fail in speed ;
But I pray you, one and all,
Jump not on me when I fall !

*Epigram on a hard-riding Youth named
Taylor.*

TAYLOR by name, but in no other sense,
No tailor is he when he faces a fence ;
To one Taylor alone can I fitly compare him, he
Reminds me, out hunting, of good Bishop Jeremy ;
For when fences are stiff, and the field does not
fancy 'em,
Ductor he then may be call'd *Dubitantium* ;
And, when pitch'd from the saddle, he falls on
his crown,
He reminds me again of the Bishop of *Down*.

Inscription

ON A GARDEN SEAT FORMED FROM THE
BONES OF AN OLD RACER.

I.

STILL, tho' bereft of speed,
Compell'd to carry weight ;
Alas ! unhappy steed,
Death cannot change my fate.

II.

Upon the turf still ridden,
Denied a grave below,
My weary bones forbidden
The rest that they bestow.



NOTES.





NOTES TO THE HUNTING SONGS.

NOTE 1.

Wells in the saddle is seated.



WELLS was a huntsman of the old school, whose like is seldom seen in these degenerate days. He appears to have adopted the maxim of the old Cornish huntsman—"Master finds horse, and I find neck." He doated upon every hound in his pack, with as much fondness as a father feels for his children. In the course of his career he fractured his ribs twice, and broke his collar-bone seven times. After living six-and-thirty years under different managers of the Bedfordshire Hounds, during twenty-four of which he hunted them himself, he came to Mr. Wicksted, with whom he remained during the eleven years that he hunted the Woore Country. He was then engaged by Sir Thomas Boughey, and died in his service, March 30th, 1847.

NOTE 2.

The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major.

The Rev. Henry Tomkinson, Vicar of Davenham; the Rev. James Tomkinson (the Squire of Dorfold); and Major (the late Colonel) Tomkinson of the Willingtons.

NOTE 3.

The Ford they call Charlie.

Charles Ford, Esq., was at that time one of the most active members of the Gorfe Cover Committee.

NOTE 4.

While I've health to go hunting with Charley.

Charles Wicksted, Esq., the hero of this Song, hunted the Woore Country from the year 1825 to the year 1836.

It was ever Mr. Wicksted's chief delight to know that his hounds had afforded a good day's sport to his friends, though no one enjoyed a run more keenly, or described one with more enthusiasm than himself. The "Woore Country" was written in the year 1830, in reply to the following song called the "Cheshire Hunt," of which Mr. Wicksted was the Author.

The Cheshire Hunt.

SONG.

Come, awake from your slumbers, jump out of your bed,
 Drink your tea, mount your hack, and away to Well Head;
 For who'd be behindhand, or like to be late,
 When Sir Harry's fleet pack at the cover-side wait?

Derry down, down, &c.

Those sons of old Bedford, so prized by George Heron,
 So quick at a cast, and so ready to turn;
 If with these fast hounds you would play a good part,
 Both the rider and horse must be quick at a start.

Hark! hark! they have found him! who would not rejoice
 At the soul-stirring sound of old Victor's loud voice?
 He's away, I declare! don't you hear? there's a hollow,—
 And now we will see how the gentlemen follow.

But now let me ask who is thrusting along,
 So anxious the first to get out of the throng ?
 Who's cramming his mare up yon steep rotten bank ?
 With the rein on her neck, and both spurs in her flank ?

There's scarcely a young one, and ne'er an old stager,
 For the first twenty minutes can live with the Major ; *
 Though supposing this run for an hour should last,
 I hope he won't find he has started too fast.

Who, glued to his saddle, with his horse seems to fly ?
 'Tis a Lancashire Lord, † who is worth a " Jew's eye ; "
 In this run I will wager he'll keep a front seat,
 For unless his horse stops he can never be beat.

With a feat that's so graceful, a hand that's so light,
 Now racing beside him comes Leicestershire White ; ‡
 Not yet gone to Melton, he this day for his pleasure,
 Condescends to be rural, and hunt with the Cheshire.

Who's charging that rasper ? do tell me, I beg,
 With both hands to his bridle, and swinging his leg ;
 On that very long mare, whose sides are so flat,
 With the head of a buffalo, tail of a rat ?

'Tis the gallant Sir Richard, § a rum one to follow,
 Who dearly loves lifting the hounds to a hollow ;
 A straightforward man who no jealousy knows,
 And forgets all his pains when a hunting he goes.

Then next snug and quiet, without noise or bother,
 On Sheffielder comes, the brave Colonel, his brother ;
 He keeps steadily onward, no obstacle fears,
 Like those true British heroes, the bold Grenadiers.

* Major Tomkinson.

† The late Earl of Sefton.

‡ John White, Esq.

§ Sir Richard Brooke, Bt.

But who to the field is now making his bow ?
'Tis the Squire of Dorfold on famed Harry Gow ;
That preserver of foxes, that friend of the sport,
Though he proves no preserver—of claret and port.

And who's that, may I ask, who in purple is clad,
Riding wide of the pack, and tight holding his pad ?
'Tis a bruising top-lawyer, and if there's a run,
The Rector of Davenham will see all the fun.

Now hustling and bustling, and rolling about,
And pushing his way through the midst of the rout,
Little Ireland * comes on, for a front place he strives,
Through rough and through smooth he his Tilbury drives.

Pray get out of the way ; at the fence why so tarry ?
Don't you see down upon us is coming Sir Harry ? †
And if you don't mind, you may perhaps rue the day,
When like Wellington you were upset by a Grey.

This Grey he can't hold, though his hand is not weak,
And his bit you may see has a very long cheek ;
But if the first flight he can't keep in his eye,
To be thereabouts he will gallantly try.

Now, leaving the crowd, our attention we fix
Upon two knowing sportsmen, both riding with sticks ;
The first so renowned on the turf, Squire France,
Who on his young Milo will lead them a dance.

The next is John Glegg, and I really don't brag,
When I say no one better can ride a good nag ;
A good nag when he has one, I mean—by the bye,
Do you know who has got one ? he's wanting to buy.

* Ireland Blackburne, Esq.

† Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bt.

Now racing along with the foremost you see,
Quite determined to go, Charley Ford, on the Pea ;
This moment ecstatic, this joy of the chace,
His regrets for old Paddy can scarcely efface.

For Walmsley on Paddy has just now past by,
And on him poor Charley has cast a sheep's eye ;
But ne'er mind, for no pleasure's without its alloy,
And some day you'll again have a good one, "my boy."
Who's that ? I can't see, by "his figure I know, tho',"
It can be no other than Hammond * on Otho ;
If practice makes perfect, he's nothing to fear,
For his nag has been practised for many a year.

Going straight to the hounds, never known to cast wider,
Now comes little Rowley,† the steeple-chace rider ;
Harry Brooke his antagonist, quiet and steady,
And Stanley ‡ who always for business is ready.

Then there's Squire Harper, whom some may call slow,
But I've seen him ride well when he chooses to go ;
Little Jemmy § comes next, and of danger shows sense,
From the back of Surveyor, surveying the fence.

But the pride of all Cheshire, the bold Delamere,
Alas ! I can't show you, for he is not here ;
His collar-bone's broken, don't be in a fright,
His spirit's not broken, he'll soon be all right.

And now having told you the whole of the field
All Cheshire men true to no others will yield ;
Whilst the sparkling bottle is going its rounds
Let us drink to Sir Harry—Will Head and the hounds.

* James W. Hammond, Esq., of Wistaston.

† Rowland Egerton Warburton, Esq., of Arley.

‡ Hon. W. O. Stanley.

§ James Tomkinson, Esq., of Davenham.

NOTE 5.

Our glass a Quæsitum.

At the Tarporley Hunt meeting, all toasts considered worthy of the honour are drunk in a "Quæsitum," a name given to the glasses from the inscription they bear, "Quæsitum meritis."

NOTE 6.

Once more a view hollow from old Oulton Lowe !

A gorse cover belonging to Sir Philip Egerton, formerly in great repute, but which of late years had never held a fox. The Run mentioned in the Song took place on the 16th Feb. 1833.

NOTE 7.

The Willington Mare.

The property of Major Tomkinson of the Willingtons. She was flaked during the run and died the next day.

NOTE 8.

To see the Black Squire how he rode the black mare.
The Rev. James Tomkinson of Dorfold.

NOTE 9.

The odds are in fighting that Britain beats France.
Mr. Brittain of Chester. Mr. France of Bostock Hall.

NOTE 10.

Little Ireland kept up like his namesake the Nation.
Mr. Ireland Blackburne of Hale.

NOTE 11.

The Maiden who rides like a man.

Joe Maiden was Huntsman to the Cheshire Hounds, from the year 1832 to 1844. In that capacity, as far as my experience extends, I have never seen his equal. He

was moreover as pleasant a companion to ride home with after a run as any gentleman could desire. After continuing in Mr. White's service for two years, and after having acted, during the interval, as Host of the Bluecap at Sandiway Head, he was engaged in 1846 by Mr. Davenport to undertake the North Staffordshire Hounds. During the time that he hunted the North Warwickshire, under Mr. Shaw, he met with the accident which crippled him for the remainder of his life, slipping with one leg into the boiling copper. Suffering more severely from the effects of this as he advanced in age, he underwent the amputation of his leg in the year 1856. He died on the 20th of October, 1864, aged 69, and was buried at Maer.

So long as this fine old fellow was able to cross a saddle with his wooden limb, I generally heard from him at the beginning of every hunting season, and within two years of the time of his death I received from him the following touching letter :

"Wolstanton,
"Nov. 17, 1862.

"SIR,

"I have taken the liberty of sending you a list of our hounds. It has been the worst scenting season I ever saw, our best day was on Friday last.

"These hounds will be leaving here shortly to go to Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland. I don't go with them. I shall stop here the winter, and I don't intend going with hounds any more. I have Rheumatic very bad at times and cannot ride to hounds, this being my 54 season with Hounds.

"I have a very good entry, and they are all going on well.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient Servt.

"J. MAIDEN."

The following list will complete the succession of Cheshire huntsmen from the time of Joe Maiden to the present day. William Markwell came in 1844, and hunted the pack for ten years. In 1854 came George Whitmore; in 1856, David Edwards; in 1859, Henry Mason; Peter Collison, succeeding in 1860, came into Cheshire on Mr. Baker's resignation of the North Warwickshire. Leaving in 1869, he was engaged as Huntsman to the York and Ainsley, when John Jones, his first-whip, was deservedly promoted to fill the vacancy.

NOTE 12.

In the pride of his heart then the Manager cried.

Sir H. Mainwaring, who was Manager of the Cheshire Hounds for a period of 19 years.

NOTE 13.

Come along Little Rowley.

Mr. Egerton-Warburton of Arley.

NOTE 14.

The Baron from Hanover hollowed whoo-whoop.

Baron Osten, a Hanoverian, long distinguished as an officer in the English service. His hunting accident, and miraculous escape from a lion in the East Indies, are well known:—

By the king of the forest, out hunting one day,
The Baron was captured and carried away;
The king in his turn by the hunt was beset,
Or the *Baron* had been but a *Baron-eat*.

NOTE 15.

Oh! where and oh! where was the Wistaston steed?

The property of Mr. Hammond, of Wistaston.

NOTE 16.

The Cestrian Chestnut.

The property of Sir Philip Egerton.

NOTE 17.

Where now is Dollgosh? where the Racer from Da'enham?

"Dollgosh" belonged to Mr. Ford, and the "Racer" to Mr. James Tomkinson, of Davenham.

NOTE 18.

Save at the Swan.

The Swan is the name of the Inn at which the Hunt Meeting is held.

NOTE 19.

France ten to one.

The Half-bred Stakes at Tarporley had for the ten years previous to 1834, with but two exceptions, been won by Mr. France of Bostock.

NOTE 20.

*Brown forest of Mara! whose bounds were of yore,
From Kelsborrow's Castle outstretch'd to the shore.*

"The district extending from the banks of the Mersey to the South boundary of the late Forest, was designated as the Forest of Mara, whilst that of Mondrem stretched in the direction of Nantwich.

"It appears from Doomsday, that the attention of the Earls of Chester, in the taste of the sovereigns of the time, had been directed at that early period to forming chaces for their diversion. The Earl's Forest is noticed in several instances, and it likewise appears that it was not only formed of lands then found waste, but that several villis had been afforested for the express purpose of adding to its limits."

—ORMEROD'S *History of Cheshire*, vol. ii. p. 50.

NOTE 21.

In right of his bugle and greybounds to seize.

"The Master-Forestership of the whole was conferred by Randle I. in the twelfth century, on Ralph de Kingsley, to hold the same by tenure of a horn."—ORMEROD, vol. ii. p. 50.

Amongst the list of claims asserted by the Master-Forester, are the following:—

"And claymeth to have the latter pannage in the said Forrest, and claymeth to have windfallen wood * * *

"He claymeth to have all money for agistment of hogs within the said Forest * * *

"And as to wayfe, he claymeth to have every wayfe and stray beast as his own, after proclamation shall be made and not challenged as he manner is."—ORMEROD, vol. ii. p. 52.

NOTE 22.

Whene'er his liege lord chose a hunting to ride.

"Cheshire tradition asserts that the ancient foresters were bound to use this horn, and attend in their office with two white greyhounds, whenever the Earl was disposed to honour the Forest of Delamere with his presence in the chase."—ORMEROD, vol. ii. p. 55.

NOTE 23.

It passed from their lips to the mouth of a Done.

The Dones of Utkinton succeeded the Kingsleys as Chief-Foresters. On the termination of this line, in 1715, the Forestership passed to Richard Arderne, and through him to the Lords Alvanley.

NOTE 24.

Thou Palatine prophet, whose fame I revere.

Robert Nixon was born in the parish of Over. "The birth of this individual," says Ormerod, "has been assigned

to the time of Edward the Fourth, but a second story also exists, which refers him to the time of James the First; a date palpably false, as many of the supposed prophecies were to be fulfilled at an antecedent period.

“He is said to have attracted the Royal notice by foretelling in Cheshire the result of the battle of Bosworth, on recovering from sudden stupor with which he was seized while the battle was fighting in Leicestershire, and to have been sent for to Court shortly afterwards, where he was starved (or, to use his own expression, clemmed) to death through forgetfulness, in a manner which he himself had predicted.”

NOTE 25.

A foot with two heels and a hand with three thumbs.

Amongst the prophecies of Nixon are the following:—

“There shall be a miller named Peter,

“With two heels on one foot.” * * *

“A boy shall be born with three thumbs on one hand,

“Who shall hold three Kings’ horses,

“Whilst England is three times won and lost in one day,

“But after this shall be happy days.”

“Twenty hundred horses shall want masters,

“Till their girths rot under their bellies.”

NOTE 26.

Here hunted the Scot whom too wise to show fight.

King James’ diversion on the forest of Delamere, when returning from Scotland, is thus described in Webb’s Itinerary:—

“Making the house of Vale Royal four days his royal court, he solaced himself and took pleasing entertainment in his disports in the forest. * * * * *

And where his Majesty, the day following, had such successful pleasure in the hunting of his own hounds of a stag

to death, as it pleased him graciously to calculate the hours, and confer with the keepers, and his honourable attendants, of the particular events in that sport, and to question them whether they ever saw or heard of the like expedition, and true performance of hounds well hunting. At which his Highness Princely contentment we had much cause to rejoice; and the rather for that the diligence and service of Sir John Done had so prosperously prepared his Majesty's sports, which he also as graciously accepted."

NOTE 27.

Behold in the soil of our forest once more.

By the act of Parliament for the enclosure of Delamere Forest, passed in 1812, one moiety of the whole is allotted to the share of the King, to be kept under the direction of the Surveyor General of Woods and Forests, as a nursery for timber only.

NOTE 28.

Where 'twixt the whalebones the widow sat down.

Maria Hollingsworth, a German by birth, the widow of an English soldier. Near two ribs of a whale which stood on Delamere Forest, she constructed for herself a hut, and resided there during several years.

NOTE 29.

The Spectre Stag.

The subject of this ballad is taken from a collection of German traditions in French, there entitled, "La Chapelle de la Fôret."

The tale of a forest phantom, we are told by Sir W. Scott, in the Preface to his translation of the *Wild Jager*, is universally believed in Germany. This phantom has often been the subject of poetry, but the final catastrophe to the Baron's hunting career, thus described in the legend, I do not recollect to have seen mentioned elsewhere:—

“Voyant le chasseur noir s'avancer droit à lui, il sonna du cor pour appeler ses gens ; mais il le fit avec une telle force que les veines se crevèrent ; il tomba mort de son cheval. Ses descendans firent bâtir en cet endroit une chapelle où ils fondèrent un bénéfice.”

NOTE 30.

*“On the stag he would have slaughter'd,
Was his naked body bound.”*

The ghost of another *chasseur*, whose history is given in the same collection, makes the following confession :—

“J'ai fait enchaîner et river sur des cerfs plus de cent des malheureux braconniers, les faisant poursuivre par mes chiens jusqu'à ce qu'ils tombassent quelque part, et que le malheureux qu'ils portaient rendit l'âme au milieu des tourmens.”

NOTE 31.

A Bedford, a Gloster, to life we restore.

Bedford, Gloster, Nelson, and Victory, were the names of hounds in the Cheshire kennel.

NOTE 32.

Mine be the warfare unsullied with guilt.

“Image of war without its guilt.”—SOMERVILE.

NOTE 33.

The Tantivy Trot.

This song was written in the year 1834, at the request of Charles Ford, Esq., for Cracknall, the Coachman of the Birmingham Tantivy, who once drove it at a sitting one hundred and twenty-five miles. Some years after I saw it printed in an article by Nimrod in the *New Sporting Magazine*, and attributed by him to a young “Cantab.”

NOTE 34.

The tent of the Bey.

This tent was brought by Lord Hill from Egypt. It originally belonged to the famous Murad Bey.

NOTE 35.

We've an Eyton could prove to the Switzer.

The prize given by Lord Hill was won by Miss Eyton.

NOTE 36.

"The Picture of the Cheshire Hunt," purchased by Wilbraham Egerton, Esq., now hangs in the hall at Tatton.

NOTE 37.

The Breeches.

This cover, once pre-eminent above all the gorses in the county for the sport it had shown, belongs to John Tolle-mache, Esq.

NOTE 38.

Tarwood.

The Run which I have attempted to describe took place on the 24th of December, 1845. The Heythrop Hounds were kept by Lord Redesdale. The "Jem" mentioned in the poem is Jem Hill the Huntsman, and Jack Goddard and Charles are the Whips. "The peculiar feature of this run," says Mr. Whippy, "was the stoutness and intrepidity of the fox. With the exception of just touching one corner of Boys-Wood at Cokethorpe, he never once sought shelter in a cover of any description. The distance from point to point is from 15 to 16 miles, and I am sure the distance run over must have been at least 20 miles. Time, 1 hour and 42 minutes."

NOTE 39.

Tom Rance has got a single oie.

Tom Rance came from Baron Rothschild to whip-in to the Cheshire in 1830, and remained, through every change of Master and Huntsman, for thirty-one years in that capacity, without aspiring to the post of Huntsman. In the station of life in which he was placed, no one ever did his duty better. I have seen him ride the most unmanageable horses with rare nerve and temper, still keeping his one eye open to detect, and his handy lash ready to reach any riotous hound. Many a time in the course of a run have I been beholden to him for his active assistance under a difficulty, and there are others, I know, who would, if now alive, gratefully acknowledge his services in the field. If after charging a fence you found yourself on the other side planted in a pit (a mischance by no means unfrequent in Cheshire), Tom Rance was always at hand to pull your horse out, or if discomfited by the loss of a stirrup-leather, Tom was promptly at your side to touch his cap and proffer you one of his own.

On retiring from service in 1861, the sum of five hundred pounds was raised and invested by the Hunt for his benefit.

NOTE 40.

Drink to the land where this Evergreen grows.

"This plant is only to be found in temperate climates. Provence is its boundary to the South, and it reaches neither Sweden nor Russia towards the North. Linnæus lamented that he could hardly preserve it alive in a green-house; and so rare is it in many parts of Germany, that Dillenius, their botanist, was in perfect ecstasy when he first visited England, and saw our commons covered with the gay flowers of the furze bush."—PHILLIP'S *Sylva Florifera*.

NOTE 41.

This strange match, so hastily made and so quickly

decided, took place on the Friday of the Tarporley Hunt week, 1854. The competitors were Thomas Langford Brooke, of Mere, Esq., and John Sidebottom, of Harewood, Esq. Davenport Bromley, Esq., was Umpire.

NOTE 42.

"Rolls o'er the cop and hitches on the rail."

"Slides into verse and hitches in a rhyme."—POPE.

NOTE 43.

Newby Ferry.

The following account of this lamentable hunting accident is from the *Times* newspaper :—

The loss of life by the upsetting of a boat in which a number of gentlemen connected with the York and Ainsty Hunt were crossing the river Ure, near Ripley, on Thursday last, was fully as great as at first reported. The number of persons drowned was six. They were—Sir Charles Slingsby, of Scriven-park, near Knaresborough, the master of the hounds; Mr. E. Lloyd, of Lingcroft, near York; Mr. Edmund Robinson, of York; Mr. William Orvys, the first whipper-in; Mr. James Warriner, gardener at Newby-hall, the seat of Lady Mary Vyner; and Mr. Christopher Warriner, the son of the former. The Warriners had the charge of the boat. The hounds met on Thursday morning, at 11 o'clock, at Stanley-house, half-way between Harrogate and Ripon. There was a large field, and among the leading personages were Sir Charles Slingsby, who, as already stated, was the master of the hounds; Viscount Downe, of Danby-lodge; Lord Lascelles, of Harewood; Sir George Wombwell, of Newburgh-park; Captain Vyner, of Newby-hall; Mr. Clare Vyner, of Newby-hall; Mr. E. Lloyd, of Lingcroft, near York; Mr. E. Robinson, of York; Major Muffinden, Captain Molyneux, the Hon. Henry Molyneux, Captain Key, of Fulford; Mr. White, and several of the officers of the 15th Hussars, stationed at York; Mr. Wood,

of Bellwood ; Mr. William Ingleby, of Ripley Castle ; and Mr. Darnborough, of Ripon. William Orvys, the first whip, was in attendance, and, the weather being fine, anticipations prevailed of good sport. No fox was found until the hounds reached Monkton Whin, but a good run of about an hour's duration was had towards Copgrove and Newby-hall, and near the latter the fox and the pack crossed the river Ure. Several of the gentlemen who were in pursuit attempted to cross the river at a ford some distance up the stream, but Sir Charles Slingsby and a majority of those who were close up made for the ferry, which is almost directly opposite Newby-hall and signalled for the boat to be sent across. Swollen by the late rains, and to a great extent diverted from its natural channel, the river, at this point some fifty or sixty yards broad, swept along with a strong deep current. With little or no hesitation the master of the hounds sprang into the boat, to be piloted across by the Newby-hall gardener and his son, and this example was so largely followed that in a very short time some twelve or fourteen gentlemen, with their horses, crowded into a vessel intended to accommodate only half that number. Those who entered the boat were Sir Charles Slingsby, Orvys (the whip), Sir George Wombwell, Captain Vyner, Mr. Clare Vyner, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Robinson, Major Muffinden, Captain Molyneux, the Hon. Henry Molyneux, Captain Key, Mr. White, and some more military officers from York Barracks. Viscount Downe, Lord Lascelles, and several others, who were either unable to find room in the boat, or had their doubts as to its safety, remained on the banks awaiting its return. No warning voice cautioned them when they started on what proved to some of them a fatal journey ; indeed, their apparent luck in having gained the start of the others was looked on with many envious eyes. Any such feeling, was, however, of short duration. Seizing the chain by which the flat-bottomed boat is propelled,

Captain Vyner and his brother pushed it off from the river side, and sent the vessel right into the stream. Before one-third of the distance had been traversed, Sir Charles Slingsby's horse became restive, and kicked the animal belonging to Sir George Wombwell. The latter, a high-mettled chestnut, returned the kick, and something very like a panic arose among the horses. The boat was swayed first to one side and then to the other, and finally it was fairly turned bottom upwards. The scene which then ensued was of a very painful character. For a moment the slimy bottom of the boat, rocked to and fro by the struggling of the men and horses, was all that could be seen by the spectators on the bank; then here and there in different parts of the stream heads began to appear, only to sink again amid agonized cries, and hands and arms were flung up in despair. Horses were seen to battle with the current, striking out regardless of the injuries they inflicted on their masters, who were also swept by the current out of the reach of those anxious to afford relief. In some cases, however, the prompt measures taken by the spectators were effectual. Those who could swim cast off their coats and plunged to save their friends, while others, not so happily gifted, took less vigorous, though not less useful, steps. Lines formed of whips, were tied together, and thrown within reach of the drowning men, and several beams of wood which fortunately lay scattered about, were quickly launched on the stream. Captain Vyner was one of the first to get his head out of water, and to save himself from the current by clinging to the upturned vessel. After a vigorous struggle he reached the top of the boat, and was able to assist first Sir George Wombwell and afterwards one of the York officers to the same position. Mr. White got on shore by means of the chain stretched across the ferry, while others were rescued by the means adopted for their safety from the banks. In a very few minutes, however, it was found that six

men and eleven horses had been drowned. Two horses were rescued. An account in a local journal says several gentlemen and horses were under the boat when it floated bottom upwards. Among these were Sir George Wombwell and an officer from York, who was very badly kicked by the horses. Sir Charles Slingsby was seen by the spectators on the bank to strike out for the opposite shore, but when nearing it he threw up his hands, and the last seen of him was his body floating down the river with his head and legs under water. None of the others drowned were seen at all. Every effort was made by those upon the bank to rescue the sufferers. Mr. William Ingilby threw off his coat and plunged into the river, and made a desperate effort to reach Sir Charles Slingsby, but in this he unhappily failed, and with great difficulty and in a state of complete exhaustion reached the shore. Captain Vyner and Captain Preston plunged into the river in the hope of rendering assistance. Mr. Bartram, of Harrogate, rendered very active aid, and succeeded in assisting to the shore one of those who had been thrown into the river, and had clung to the chain of the ferry. The body of Sir Charles Slingsby was discovered three hundred yards below the scene of the accident by Mr. Denison, of Ripon, and Mr. Wood, of the same city, about half-past four o'clock. The bodies of Captain Lloyd and Mr. Robinson were afterwards taken out of the river, and all were conveyed to Newby-hall to await a coroner's inquest. Yesterday two more of the bodies were recovered, those of William Orvys and Christopher Warriner, the eldest of that name. The only body now to be recovered is that of Christopher Warriner's son. Mr. Robinson's watch had stopped at ten minutes to two o'clock. Sir Charles Slingsby was riding one of the oldest and most favourite of his hunters, "Old Saltfish," which was discovered lying near the master whom it had served so faithfully for some fifteen years.

We need hardly state that the intelligence of this melan-

choly catastrophe has cast a gloom over the whole district. Sir Charles Slingsby's amiable disposition and genial manners rendered him most deservedly popular throughout the whole of the Riding. The deceased, who was unmarried, was the tenth baronet. He was son of Charles Slingsby, Esq., who was second son of Sir Thomas Turner Slingsby, eighth baronet. He was born on the 22nd of August, 1824; succeeded his uncle, Sir Thomas, in February, 1835; entered the Royal Horse Guards 1843, became Lieutenant 1845, and retired 1847. He was a deputy lieutenant and a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire. His sister, Emma Louisa Catherine, who is still living, married in 1860 Captain Leslie, of the Royal Horse Guards. Mr. Robinson, who had the reputation of being one of the best riders in the county of York, lived at one time at Thorpegreen-hall, near Ouseburn, which he sold not long ago to Mr. H. S. Thompson, of Kirby-hall, whose estate it adjoins. Orvys had long been connected with the York and Ainsty hounds, and was one of the most experienced whips in Yorkshire. Both the Warriners were married. The elder leaves nine children, and the younger a wife and three children.

In consequence of this lamentable occurrence the meets of the York and Ainsty hounds have been suspended, and that of the Bramham Moor hounds, appointed for yesterday (Friday) did not take place.

Among the gentlemen who were saved after the boat had been upset were Major Muffinden, Captain Molyneux, the Hon. Henry Molyneux, Mr. White, of the 15th Hussars, stationed at York; and Captain Key, of Fulford, near York.

The Field, Feb. 13, 1869.

*The fearful Accident with the York
and Ainsty.*

FROM AN EYE-WITNESS.

It was a beautiful morning on Thursday, February 4, when the York and Ainsty met at Stainley House. We chopped the first fox in Cayton Gill, but found again in Monckton Whin at 12.40. There was a splendid scent, but the fox twisted about a good deal, and, though the pace was tremendous, yet, after an hour's running, the fox crossed the river at Newby, just in front of the hounds, and only about two miles and a half from where he was found.

The river was very high from the floods, and a very strong stream was running, in consequence of which the fox was carried over Newby Weir, and the whole of the hounds also; but they all got out safely, and took up the scent immediately on the opposite side. There is a ford just below, with posts marked with different distances up to the height of five feet, so as to show where the river is fordable; but on that day the river was so high that not even the posts were visible. We were all, therefore, obliged to make for the ferry.

The ferry boat was overloaded, and no sooner did it get into the stream than the water began to rush in over the sides. Sir Charles Slingsby's horse, Old Saltfish (whom he bought the first year he took the hounds, fifteen years ago), finding there was something wrong, jumped into the water. Sir Charles held on to the reins, to induce him to swim alongside, but, not calculating sufficiently the force of the stream and the weight of the horse, he was overbalanced and fell in. (I have seen several papers state that there was then a rush made to one side; but the horses were so closely

packed on board, like bullocks in a bullock truck, that they could not have moved from any cause.) The boat then swayed once or twice, and finally turned completely over, for several seconds leaving nothing to the view but the bottom of the boat. It seemed impossible that any should be saved, but by degrees heads began to appear; and Mr. Clare Vyner, having scrambled on to the upturned boat, gallantly assisted all he could reach to gain the same haven. The boat, being still held by the chain, acted as a break-water, and therefore all those who came up near the boat had no stream to contend against. Unfortunately, Sir Charles Slingsby was some way down the stream, in the full force of the current. He struggled gamely to reach the boat, but it was hopeless. If he had only turned and swum with the stream, in all human probability he would have been saved; for when he was finally exhausted he sank (still struggling to reach the boat) close to the north shore, whither he had been carried by the stream, but where, unfortunately, there was no one to help. Old Saltfish followed his master like a dog to the very end, and at last swam past him, unfortunately with the near side next to Sir Charles, who with his last effort tried to grasp the horse's neck; but the mane being on the opposite side, he only succeeded in catching the bridle. Both immediately sank—Sir Charles never to be seen again alive, but the old horse rose again to the surface, and then swam ashore.

Mr. Robinson—who was always extremely nervous in crossing ferries, as he was unable to swim, and always entertained a horror of being drowned—according to his usual custom, never got off his horse on entering the boat, and when it upset he rode several yards down stream, still sitting on his horse. He looked calmly round, as if to choose the best landing place, when his horse suddenly sank, either from being exhausted before he came to the top, or from the reins being touched to guide him ashore. After two fearful shrieks, Mr. Robinson went down.

Captain Key, being the last on board, succeeded in jumping clear of the boat as it turned over, and fortunately, being carried against the chain, was able, by making use of it, to reach the shore in safety. Sir George Wombwell, who may consider this as the most fortunate of his many narrow escapes from death, came to the surface on the upstream side of the boat, against which he was carried, and was promptly rescued by Mr. Clare Vyner, though he himself was too far gone to make the slightest effort to save himself, and was even unaware by what means he was saved.

In the meantime those on shore had promptly done all in their power. Whips were knotted together; but, as the river was at least eighty yards from bank to bank, and those in the water were more than half-way across, every endeavour to cast them within reach failed. Every pole that could be found was thrown, but to no purpose. Four strong swimmers tried their best in vain. One, Mr. Preston, of Moreby, had not waited to take off his boots, and it was with difficulty he was rescued by those on shore. Mr. Ingilby, of Ripley Castle, and Captain Vyner, of Linton Spring, succeeded in reaching Mr. Lloyd, who was doing his best to gain the south shore. They had brought him almost in reach of those on the bank, when he suddenly sank; and they, exhausted by the long run, the extreme coldness of the water, and the force of the current, were unable to make another effort to recover him. They were obliged to receive assistance from the shore to save themselves.

Mr. Richard Thompson, of Kirby, swam off to the help of Sir Charles; but the latter being carried further away from him by the current, Mr. Thompson was obliged to give up all hope of reaching him, and was himself helped out by getting hold of two whips tied together, one end being thrown to him from the bank. As soon as he was a little recovered he ran down the bank and swam across a canal to an island, where the river makes a bend, in hopes that the body of Orvis, the huntsman, which was being

carried down by the current, might be washed within reach. Unfortunately, Orvis was carried to the other shore, and the weir being only fifty yards below, he could make no further effort. The two gardeners were never seen alive after the boat was upset.

Thus Yorkshire has lost by this unprecedented catastrophe Sir Charles Slingsby, perhaps the best gentleman huntsman that has ever lived—one whose genial manners and kind disposition endeared him to all who had the good fortune to come in contact with him; Mr. Robinson, who was not only the finest horseman and best rider to hounds I have ever known, but the least jealous person that ever followed hounds over a country; Mr. Lloyd, the best man of his weight (he rode fully 16ft.) that ever crossed this deep plough—one whom no fence was too strong for; and, lastly, poor old Orvis, the cheeriest of huntsmen and the most civil of servants. Four better-known men, and whose loss would be more deeply mourned for, could not be found anywhere. *Requiescant in pace.* The days of the York are numbered for the present—never, I am afraid, again to equal the last few years.

NOTE 44.

The Swell from the Leamington Spa.

Henry Williams, Esq., commonly known as “Swell Williams.” His father, General Williams, lived at Leamington.

NOTE 45.

A sketch of this feat was made for the Author in the year 1833, and the original then existed in the garden of General Moore, at Hampton Court.



14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

30 Jul '64 HK

REC'D LD

JUL 20 '64 - 1 PM

LD 21A-60m-4,'64
(E4555s10)476B

General Library
University of California
Berkeley

Hunting songs

1877

M161787

953
E294
hun
1877

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

YC158919

